THE BUSIE BODY, A COMEDY.

Written by Mrs. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso Gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator, sedulus inflat.
Sic Leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit———

Horat. Epist. Lib. II. Ep. 1.

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THE

BUSIE BODY,

A

COMEDY.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Lord* SOMMERS,

Lord Preſident of Her MAJESTY's moſt Honourable Privy Council.

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

AS it is an eſtabliſh'd Cuſtom in theſe latter Ages, for all Writers, particularly the Poetical, to ſhelter their Productions under the Protection of the moſt diſtinguiſh'd, whoſe Approbation produces a kind of Inſpiration, much ſuperior to that which the *heathenish* Poets pretended to derive from their fictitious *Apollo*: So it was my Ambition to Addreſs one of my weak Performances to Your Lordſhip, who, by univerſal Conſent,

are juſtly allow'd to be the beſt Judge of all kinds of Writing.

I was indeed at firſt deterred from my Deſign, by a Thought that it might be accounted unpardonable Rudeneſs to obtrude a Trifle of this nature to a Perſon, whoſe ſublime Wiſdom moderates that Council, which, at this critical Juncture over-rules the Fate of all *Europe*. But then I was encouraged by reflecting that *Lælius* and *Scipio*, the two greateſt Men in their Time, among the *Romans*, both for Political and Military Virtues, in the Height of their important Affairs, thought the Peruſal and Improving of *Terence*'s Comedies the nobleſt way of unbending their Minds. I own I were guilty of the higheſt Vanity, ſhould I preſume to put my Compoſures in Parallel with thoſe of that celebrated *Dramatiſt*; but then again, I hope that your Lordſhip's native Goodneſs and Generoſity, in Condeſcenſion to the Taſte of the beſt and faireſt Part of the Town, who have been pleas'd to be diverted by the following SCENES, will excuſe and overlook ſuch Faults as your nicer Judgment might diſcern.

And

And here, my Lord, the Occaſion ſeems fair for me to engage in a Panegyrick upon thoſe natural and acquired Abilities, which ſo brightly adorn Your Perſon: But I ſhall reſiſt that Temptation, being conſcious of the Inequality of a Female Pen to ſo Maſculine an Attempt; and having no other Ambition than to ſubſcribe myſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Humble and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

PROLOGUE,

By the Author of Tunbridge-Walks.

THO' modern Prophets were expos'd of late,
The Author could not propheſy his Fate:
If with ſuch Scenes an Audience had been fir'd,
The Poet muſt have really been inſpir'd.
But theſe, alas! are melancholy Days
For modern Prophets, and for modern Plays.
Yet ſince Prophetick Lyes pleaſe Fools a' Faſhion,
And Women are ſo fond of Agitation;
To Men of Senſe I'll propheſy anew,
And tell you wonderous things that will prove true;
Undaunted Colonels will to Camps repair,
Aſſur'd, there'll be no Skirmiſhes this Year;
On our own Terms will flow the wiſh'd-for Peace,
All Wars, except 'twixt Man and Wife, will ceaſe.
The Grand Monarch may wiſh his Son a Throne,
But hardly will advance to loſe his own.
This Seaſon moſt Things wear a ſmiling Face;
But Play'rs in Summer have a diſmal Caſe,
Since your Appearance only is our Act of Grace.
Court-Ladies will to Country Seats be gone,
My Lord can't all the Year live Great in Town;
Where wanting Opera's, Baſſet, *and a* Play;
They'll ſigh and ſtitch a Gown, to paſs the Time away.
Gay City-Wives at Tunbridge *will appear,*
Whoſe Huſbands long have labour'd for an Heir;
Where many a Courtier may their Wants relieve,
But by the Waters only they conceive.

The

PROLOGUE.

The Fleet-ſtreet *Sempſtreſs——Toaſt of* Temple *Sparks,*
That rent ſpruce Neckcloths for Attorney's Clerks,
At Cupid's *Gardens will her Hours regale,*
Sing fair Dorinda, *and drink Bottl'd Ale.*
At all Aſſemblies Rakes are up and down,
And Gameſters, where they think they are not known.
Shou'd I denounce our Author's Fate to-day,
To cry down Prophecies, you'd damn the Play:
Yet Whims like theſe have ſometimes made you laugh,
'Tis Tattling all, like Iſaac Bickerſtaff.
Since War and Places claim the Bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a Woman's Treat to-night;
Let your Indulgence all her Fears allay,
And none but Women-Haters damn this Play.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *George Airy*, A Gentleman of Four Thouſand a Year, in Love with *Miranda*.	Acted by Mr. *Wilks*.
Sir *Francis Gripe*, Guardian to *Miranda* and *Marplot*, Father to *Charles*, in Love with *Miranda*.	Mr. *Eſtcourt*.
Charles, Friend to Sir *George*, in Love with *Iſabinda*.	Mr. *Mills*.
Sir *Jealous Traffick*, a Merchant that had liv'd ſome time in *Spain*, a great Admirer of the *Spaniſh* Cuſtoms, Father to *Iſabinda*.	Mr. *Bullock*.
Marplot, A ſort of a ſilly Fellow, Cowardly, but very inquiſitive to know every Body's Buſineſs, generally ſpoils all he undertakes, yet without Deſign.	Mr. *Pack*.
Whiſper, Servant to *Charles*.	Mr. *Bullock*, jun.

WOMEN.

Miranda, An Heireſs, worth Thirty Thouſand Pounds, really in Love with Sir *George*, but pretends to be ſo with her Guardian Sir *Francis*.	Mrs. *Croſs*.
Iſabinda, Daughter to Sir *Jealous*, in Love with *Charles*, but deſign'd for a *Spaniſh* Merchant by her Father, and kept up from the Sight of all Men.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Patch, her Woman.	Mrs. *Saunders*.
Scentwell, Woman to *Miranda*.	Mrs. *Mills*.

THE BUSIE BODY.

ACT I. SCENE *the Park.*

Sir George Airy *meeting* Charles.

Cha. HA! Sir *George Airy!* A Birding thus early! What forbidden Game rous'd you ſo ſoon? For no lawful Occaſion cou'd invite a Perſon of your Figure abroad at ſuch unfaſhionable Hours.

Sir *Geo.* There are ſome Men, *Charles*, whom Fortune has left free from Inquietudes, who are diligently ſtudious to find out Ways and Means to make themſelves uneaſy.

Cha. Is it poſſible that any thing in Nature can ruffle the Temper of a Man, whom the four Seaſons of the Year compliment with as many thouſand Pounds, nay, and a Father at reſt with his Anceſtors?

Sir *Geo.* Why there 'tis now! a Man that wants Money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my Affairs are in ſuch a whimſical Poſture, that it will require a Calculation of my Nativity to find if my Gold will relieve me or not.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, never conſult the Stars about that; Gold has a Power beyond them; Gold unlocks the Midnight Councils; Gold outdoes the Wind, becalms the Ship, or fills her Sails; Gold is omnipotent below; it makes whole Armies fight, or fly; it buys even Souls, and

and bribes the Wretches to betray their Country? Then what can thy Business be, that Gold won't serve thee in?

Sir *Geo.* Why, I'm in Love.

Cha. In Love!——Ha, ha, ha, ha; in Love, Ha, ha, ha, with what, prithee? a *Cherubim?*

Sir *Geo.* No, with a Woman.

Cha. A Woman, Good, Ha, ha, ha, and Gold not help thee?

Sir *Geo.* But suppose I'm in Love with two——

Cha. Ay, if thou'rt in Love with two hundred, Gold will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, Boy. But who are they? who are they? come.

Sir *Geo.* One is a Lady whose Face I never saw, but witty as an Angel; the other beautiful as *Venus*——

Cha. And a Fool——

Sir *Geo.* For aught I know, for I never spoke to her, but you can inform me; I am charm'd by the Wit of one, and die for the Beauty of the other?

Cha. And pray, which are you in quest of now?

Sir *Geo.* I prefer the sensual Pleasure, I'm for her I've seen, who is thy Father's Ward, *Miranda.*

Cha. Nay, then I pity you; for the Jew my Father will no more part with her and 30000 Pounds, than he wou'd with a Guinea to keep me from starving.

Sir *Geo.* Now you see Gold can't do every Thing, *Charles.*

Cha. Yes, for 'tis her Gold that bars my Father's Gate against you.

Sir *Geo.* Why, if he is this avaricious Wretch, how cam'st thou by such a liberal Education?

Cha. Not a Souse out of his Pocket, I assure you; I had an Uncle who defray'd that Charge, but for some little Wildnesses of Youth, tho' he made me his Heir, left Dad my Guardian 'till I came to Years of Discretion, which I presume the old Gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the Estate into his Clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in *Prester John's* Dominions.

Sir *Geo.* What, can'st thou find no Stratagem to redeem it?

Cha.

Cha. I have made many Essays to no purpose; tho' Want, the Mistress of Invention, still tempts me on, yet still the old Fox is too cunning for me——I am upon my last Project, which if it fails, then for my last Refuge, a brown Musquet.

Sir *Geo.* What is't? can I assist thee?

Cha. Not yet; when you can, I have Confidence enough in you to ask it.

Sir *Geo.* I am always ready; but what does he intend to do with *Miranda?* Is she to be sold in private? Or will he put her up by way of Auction, at who bids most? If so, Egad, I'm for him; my Gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my Pleasure.

Cha. To deal ingenuously with you, Sir *George*, I know very little of her, or Home; for since my Uncle's Death, and my Return from Travel, I have never been well with my Father; he thinks my Expences too great, and I his Allowance too little; he never sees me, but he quarrels; and to avoid that, I shun his House as much as possible. The Report is, he intends to marry her himself.

Sir *Geo.* Can she consent to it?

Cha. Yes, faith, so they say; but I tell you, I am wholly ignorant of the matter. *Miranda* and I are like two violent Members of a contrary Party; I can scarce allow her Beauty, tho' all the World does; nor she me Civility, for that Contempt: I fancy she plays the Mother-in-law already, and sets the old Gentleman on to do Mischief.

Sir *Geo.* Then I've your free Consent to get her.

Cha. Ay, and my helping-hand, if Occasion be.

Sir *Geo.* Pugh, yonder's a Fool coming this way, let's avoid him.

Cha. What *Marplot?* no, no, he's my Instrument; there's a thousand Conveniencies in him, he'll lend me his Money when he has any, run of my Errands, and be proud on't; in short, he'll pimp for me, lye for me, drink for me, do any Thing but fight for me, and that I trust to my own Arm for.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* Nay then he's to be endur'd; I never knew his Qualifications before.

Enter Marplot *with a Patch cross his Face.*

Marpl. Dear *Charles*, yours——Ha! Sir *George Airy*, the Man in the World, I have an Ambition to be known to. [*Aside.*] Give me thy Hand, dear Boy———

Cha. A good Assurance! But hark ye, how came your beautiful Countenance clouded in the wrong Place?

Marpl. I must confess 'tis a little *mal-a-propos*, but no matter for that; a Word with you, *Charles*: Prithee, introduce me to Sir *George*———he is a Man of Wit, and I'd give ten Guineas to———

Cha. When you have em, you mean.

Marpl. Ay, when I have 'em, pugh, Pox you cut the Thread of my Discourse——I wou'd give ten Guineas, I say, to be rank'd in his Acquaintance: Well, 'tis a vast Addition to a Man's Fortune, according to the Rout of the World, to be seen in the Company of leading Men; for then we are all thought to be Politicians, or Whigs, or Jacks, or High-Flyers, or Low-Flyers, or Levellers—and so forth, for you must know, we all herd in Parties now.

Cha. Then a Fool for Diversion is out of fashion, I find.

Marpl. Yes, without it be a mimicking Fool, and they are Darlings every where; but prithee introduce me.

Cha. Well, on Condition you'll give us a true Account how you come by that mourning Nose, I will.

Marpl. I'll do it.

Cha. Sir *George*, here's a Gentlemen has a passionate Desire to kiss your Hand.

Sir *Geo.* Oh, I honour Men of the Sword; and I presume this Gentleman is lately come from *Spain* or *Portugal*———by his Scars.

Marpl. No really, Sir *George*, mine sprung from civil Fury: Happening last Night into the Groom-Porter's—I had a strong Inclination to go ten Guineas with a sort of a, sort of a——kind of a Milk-Sop, as I thought: A Pox of the Dice, he flung out, and my Pockets being empty,

empty, as *Charles* knows they ſometimes are, he prov'd a ſurly *North-Britain*, and broke my Face for my Deficiency.

Sir *Geo.* Ha! ha! and did not you draw?

Marpl. Draw, Sir, why, I did but lay my Hand upon my Sword to make a ſwift Retreat, and he roar'd out, Now the Deel a ma Sol, Sir, gin ye touch yer Steel, Iſe whip mine through yer Wem.

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ſafe was the Word, ſo you walk'd off, I ſuppoſe.

Marpl. Yes, for I avoid fighting, purely to be ſerviceable to my Friends, you know———

Sir *Geo.* Your Friends are much obliged to you, Sir, I hope you'll rank me in that Number.

Marpl. Sir *George*, a Bow from the Side-Box, or to be ſeen in your Chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir *Geo.* Trifles, you may command 'em when you pleaſe.

Cha. Provided he may command you———

Marpl. Me! why I live for no other purpoſe——Sir *George*, I have the Honour to be careſs'd by moſt of the reigning Toaſts of the Town, I'll tell 'em you are the fineſt Gentleman———

Sir *Geo.* No, no, prithee let me alone to tell the Ladies ——my Parts——can you convey a Letter upon occaſion, or deliver a Meſſage with an Air of Buſineſs, Ha!

Marpl. With the Aſſurance of a Page, and the Gravity of a Stateſman.

Sir *Geo.* You know *Miranda*.

Marpl. What, my Siſter Ward? Why, her Guardian is mine, we are Fellow Sufferers: Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, ſanctify'd Curmudgeon; that Sir *Francis Gripe* is a damn'd old———

Cha. I ſuppoſe Friend, you forget that he is my Father———

Marpl. I aſk your Pardon, *Charles*; but it is for your Sake I hate him. Well, I ſay, the World is miſtaken in him, his Out-ſide Piety makes him every Man's Executor; and his Inſide Cunning, makes him every Heir's

Jaylor.

Jaylor. Egad, *Charles*, I'm half perſuaded that thou'rt ſome Ward too, and never of his getting: For thou art as honeſt a Debauchee as ever cuckolded Man of Quality.

Sir *Geo.* A pleaſant Fellow.

Cha. The Dog is diverting ſometimes, or there would be no enduring his Impertinence: He is preſſing to be employ'd, and willing to execute, but ſome ill Fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftner ſpoils an Intrigue than helps it——

Marpl. If I miſcarry, 'tis none of my fault, I follow my Inſtructions.

Cha. Yes, witneſs the Merchant's Wife.

Marpl. Piſh, Pox, that was an Accident.

Sir *Geo.* What was it, prithee?

Cha. Why you muſt know, I had lent a certain Merchant my hunting Horſes, and was to have met his Wife in his Abſence; Sending him along with my Groom to make the Compliment, and to deliver a Letter to the Lady at the ſame Time; what does he do, but gives the Husband the Letter, and offers her the Horſes.

Marpl. I remember you was even with me, for you deny'd the Letter to be yours, and ſwore I had a Deſign upon her, which my Bones paid for.——

Cha. Come, Sir *George*, let's walk round, if you are not engag'd, for I have ſent my Man upon a little earneſt Buſineſs, and I have order'd him to bring me the Anſwer into the Park.

Marpl. Buſineſs, and I not know it! Egad I'll watch him.

Sir *Geo.* I muſt beg your pardon, *Charles*, I am to meet your Father.

Cha. My Father!

Sir *Geo.* Ay! and about the oddeſt Bargain perhaps you ever heard of; but I'll not impart 'till I know the Succeſs.

Marpl. What can his Buſineſs be with Sir *Francis*? Now would I give all the World to know it; why the Devil ſhould not one know every Man's Concern! [*Aſide.*

Cha. Proſperity to't whate'er it be, I have private Affairs too; over a Bottle we'll compare Notes.

Marpl.

Marpl. *Charles* knows I love a Glass as well as any Man, I'll make one; shall it be to-night? And I long to know their Secrets. [*Aside.*

Enter Whisper.

Whisp. Sir, Sir, Mrs. *Patch* says *Isabinda*'s *Spanish* Father has quite spoil'd the Plot, and she can't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this Afternoon, she says: but I must step again to know the Hour.

Marpl. What did *Whisper* say now? I shall go stark mad, if I'm not let into this Secret. [*Aside.*

Cha. Curst Misfortune, come along with me, my Heart feels Pleasure at her Name. Sir *George*, yours; we'll meet at the old Place the usual Hour.

Sir *Geo.* Agreed; I think I see Sir *Francis* yonder. [*Exit.*

Cha. *Marplot*, you must excuse me, I am engaged. [*Exit.*

Marpl. Engag'd! Egad I'll engage my Life I'll know what your Engagement is. [*Exit.*

Miran. [*Coming out of a Chair.*] Let the Chair wait: My Servant that dodg'd Sir *George*, said he was in the Park.

Enter Patch.

Ha! Miss *Patch* alone! Did not you tell me you had contriv'd a way to bring *Isabinda* to the Park?

Patch. Oh, Madam, your Ladyship can't imagine what a wretched Disappointment we have met with: Just as I had fetch'd a Suit of my Clothes for a Disguise, comes my old Master into his Closet, which is right against her Chamber-Door; this struck us into a terrible Fright——— At length I put on a grave Face, and ask'd him if he was at leisure for his Chocolate, in hopes to draw him out of the Hole; but he snap'd my Nose off; no, I shall be busy here these two Hours. At which, my poor Mistress finding no way of Escape, ordered me to wait on your Ladyship with the sad Relation.

Miran. Unhappy *Isabinda*! Was ever any thing so unaccountable as the Humour of Sir *Jealousie Traffick*?

Patch. Oh, Madam, it's his living so long in *Spain*; he says he'll spend half his Estate, but he'll be a Parliament-Man,

Man, on purpose to bring in a Bill for Women to wear Veils, and the other odious *Spanish* Customs——He swears it is the height of Impudence to have a Woman seen bare-fac'd even at Church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten Child in the City.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, how the old Fool torments himself! Suppose he could introduce his rigid Rules——does he think we could not match them in Contrivance? No, no, let the Tyrant Man make what Laws he will, if there's a Women under the Government, I warrant she finds a way to break 'em: Is his Mind set upon the *Spaniard* for his Son-in-law still?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next Fleet, which drives his Daughter to Melancholy and Despair: But, Madam, I find you retain the same gay, cheerful Spirit you had, when I waited on your Ladyship.—My Lady is mighty good-humour'd too: and I have found a way to make Sir *Jealousie* believe I am wholly in his Interest, when my real Design is to serve her; he makes me her Jaylor, and I set her at Liberty.

Miran. I knew thy prolifick Brain wou'd be of singular Service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her Father.

Patch. But, Madam, the Report is, that you are going to marry your Guardian.

Miran. It is necessary such a Report should be, *Patch.*

Patch. But is it true, Madam?

Miran. That's not absolutely necessary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old strain, coaxing him still for you own, and railing at all the young Fellows about Town: In my mind, now, you are as ill plagu'd with your Guardian, Madam, as my Lady is with her Father.

Miran. No, I have Liberty, Wench, that she wants; what would she give now to be in this *Dishabillée*, in the ——open Air, nay more, in pursuit of the young Fellow she likes; for that's my Case, I assure you.

Patch. As for that, Madam, she's even with you; for tho' she can't come abroad, we have a way to bring him home in spight of old *Argus*.

Miran.

Miran. Now, *Patch*, your Opinion of my Choice, for here he comes——Ha! my Guardian with him: What can be the Meaning of this? I'm ſure Sir *Francis* can't know me in this Dreſs——Let's obſerve 'em.

[*They withdraw.*

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, *and Sir* George Airy.

Sir *Fran.* Verily, Sir *George*, thou wilt repent throwing away thy Money ſo; for I tell thee ſincerely, *Miranda*, my Charge, does not love a young Fellow, they are all vicious, and ſeldom make good Husbands; in ſober Sadneſs ſhe cannot abide 'em.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] In ſober Sadneſs you are miſtaken ——what can this mean?

Sir *Geo.* Look ye, Sir *Francis*, whether ſhe can or cannot abide young Fellows, is not the Buſineſs; will you take the fifty Guineas?

Sir *Fran.* In good Truth—I will not, for I knew thy Father, he was a hearty wary Man, and I cannot conſent that his Son ſhould ſquander away what he ſav'd to no Purpoſe.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Now in the Name of Wonder, what Bargain can he be driving about me for fifty Guineas?

Patch. I wiſh it ben't for the firſt Night's Lodging, Madam.

Sir *Geo.* Well Sir *Francis*, ſince you are ſo conſcientious for my Father's Sake, then permit me the Favour *Gratis*.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] The Favour! O' my Life, I believe 'tis as you ſaid, *Patch*.

Sir *Fran.* No verily, if thou doſt not buy thy Experience, thou wilt never be wiſe; therefore give me a Hundred, and try Fortune.

Sir *Geo.* The Scruples aroſe, I find, from the ſcanty Sum——Let me ſee——a hundred Guineas——[*Takes 'em out of a Purſe, and chinks 'em.*] Ha! they have a very pretty Sound, and a very pleaſing Look.——But then, *Miranda*——But if ſhe ſhould be cruel——

Miran. [*Peeping*] As Ten to One I ſhall——

Sir

Sir *Fran.* Ay, do consider on't, He, he, he, he.

Sir *Geo.* No, I'll do't.

Patch. Do't! what, whether you will or no, Madam?

Sir *Geo.* Come to the Point, here's the Gold, sum up the Condition———

Sir *Fran.* [*Pulling out a Paper.*]

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Ay, for Heaven's Sake do, for my Expectation is on the Rack.

Sir *Fran.* Well, at your own Peril be it.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, ay, go on.

Sir *Fran. Imprimis*, you are to be admitted into my House, in order to move your Suit to *Miranda*, for the Space of ten Minutes, without Let or Molestation, provided I remain in the same Room.

Sir *Geo.* But out of Bar-shot———

Sir *Fran.* Well, well; I don't desire to hear what you say; Ha, ha, ha, in Consideration I am to have that Purse and a Hundred Guineas.

Sir *Geo.* Take it———[*Gives him the Purse.*

Miran. [*Peeping.*] So, 'tis well it's no worse; I'll fit you both———

Sir *Geo.* And this Agreement is to be perform'd To-day.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ay, the sooner the better. Poor Fool, how *Miranda* and I shall laugh at him.——Well, Sir *George*, Ha, ha, ha, take the last Sound of your Guineas, Ha, ha, ha. [*Chinks 'em.*] [Exit.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Sure he does not know I am *Miranda*.

Sir *Geo.* A very extraordinary Bargain I have made truly, if she should be really in Love with this old Cuff now——Psha, that's morally impossible,——but then what hopes have I to succeed, I never spoke to her——

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Say you so? Then I am safe.

Sir *Geo.* What tho' my Tongue never spoke, my Eyes said a thousand Things, and my Hopes flatter'd me her answer'd 'em. If I'm lucky——if not, it is but a Hundred Guineas thrown away.

———[Miranda *and* Patch *come forward.*

Miran.

Miran. Upon what, Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! my *Incognito*——upon a Woman Madam.

Miran. They are the worſt Things you can deal in, and damage the ſooneſt; your very Breath deſtroys 'em, and I fear you'll never ſee your Return, Sir *George*, Ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* Were they more brittle than China, and drop'd to pieces with a Touch, every Atom of her I have ventur'd at, if ſhe is but Miſtreſs of thy Wit, ballances ten times the Sum——Prithee let me ſee thy Face.

Miran. By no Means; that may ſpoil your Opinion of my Senſe——

Sir *Geo.* Rather confirm it, Madam.

Patch. So rob the Lady of your Gallantry, Sir.

Sir *Geo.* No, Child, a Diſh of Chocolate in the Morning never ſpoils my Dinner; the other Lady, I deſign a Set-Meal; ſo there's no Danger.——

Miran. Matrimony! Ha, ha, ha! What Crimes have you committed againſt the God of Love, that he ſhould revenge 'em ſo ſeverely to ſtamp Husband upon your Forehead?——

Sir *Geo.* For my Folly, in having ſo often met you here, without purſuing the Laws of Nature, and exerciſing her Command——But I reſolve, e'er we part now, to know who you are, where you live, and what kind of Fleſh and Blood your Face is; therefore unmask and don't put me to the trouble of doing it for you.

Miran. My Face is the ſame Fleſh and Blood with my Hand, Sir *George*, which if you'll be ſo rude to provoke——

Sir *Geo.* You'll apply it to my Cheek.——The Ladies favours are always welcome; but I muſt have that Cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her.*] Remember you are in the dark, Child, and what a terrible Thing would it be to loſe this pretty white Hand?

Miran. And how will it ſound in a Chocolate-Houſe, that Sir *George Airy* rudely pull'd off a Lady's Mask, when he had given her his Honour, that he never would,

directly

directly or indirectly, endeavour to know her till she gave him leave?

Patch. I wish we were safe out.

Sir *Geo.* But if that Lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled Spirit, shall I be blam'd if I enquire into the Reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a Female Shape.

Miran. What shall I do? [*Pauses.*

Sir *Geo.* Ay, prithee consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy Service.

Patch. Suppose, Sir, the Lady should be in Love with you.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! I'll return the Obligation in a Moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha, ha, that's not the way to love her, Child.

Miran. If he discovers me, I shall die——Which way shall I escape?——Let me see. [*Pauses.*

Sir *Geo.* Well, Madam——

Miran. I have it——Sir *George*, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my Face, and turn your Back (if you look upon me, I shall sink, even mask'd as I am) I will confess why I have engaged you so often, who I am, and where I live.

Sir *Geo.* Well, to shew you I'm a Man of Honour, I accept the Conditions. Let me but once know those, and the Face won't be long a Secret to me.

Patch. What mean you, Madam?

Miran. To get off.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis something indecent to turn one's Back upon a Lady; but you command, and I obey. [*Turns his Back.*] Come, Madam, begin——

Miran. First then it was my unhappy Lot to see you at *Paris*, [*Draws back a little while and speaks*] at a Ball upon a Birth-day; your Shape and Air charm'd my Eyes; your Wit and Complaisance my Soul; and from that fatal Night I lov'd you. [*Drawing back.*]

And when you left the Place, Grief seiz'd me so
No Rest my Heart, no Sleep my Eyes cou'd know.

Last

Laſt I reſolv'd a hazardous Point to try,
And quit the Place in ſearch of Liberty. [Exit.

Sir *Geo.* Excellent——I hope ſhe's handſome——Well, now, Madam, to the other two Things: Your Name, and where you live?——I am a Gentleman, and this Confeſſion will not be loſt upon me.——Nay, prithee don't weep, but go on——for I find my Heart melts in thy Behalf—ſpeak quickly, or I ſhall turn about——Not yet——Poor Lady, ſhe expects I ſhould comfort her; and to do her Juſtice, ſhe has ſaid enough to encourage me. [*Turns about.*] Ha! gone! The Devil, jilted? Why, what a Tale has ſhe invented——of *Paris*, Balls and Birth-days——Egad I'd give ten Guineas to know who the Gipſie is——A Curſe of my Folly——I deſerve to loſe her: What Woman can forgive a Man that turns his Back!

The Bold and Reſolute in Love and War,
To conquer take the right and ſwifteſt Way:
The boldeſt Lover ſooneſt gains the Fair,
As Courage makes the rudeſt Force obey.
Take no Denial, and the Dames adore ye,
Cloſely purſue them, and they fall before ye.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda.

Fran. HA, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha; Oh, hall die with Laughing—The moſt Romantick Adture: Ha, ha! What does the odious young Fop mean?

mean? A hundred Pieces to talk an Hour with me; Ha, ha.

Sir *Fran.* And I am to be by too; there's the Jeſt: Adod, if it had been in private, I ſhould not have car'd to truſt the young Dog.

Miran. Indeed and indeed, but you might, *Gardy* ——Now methinks there's no body handſomer than you: So neat, ſo clean, ſo good-humour'd and ſo loving——

Sir *Fran.* Pretty Rogue, pretty Rogue; and ſo thou ſhalt find me, if thou doſt prefer thy *Gardy* before theſe Caperers of the Age; thou ſhalt out-ſhine the Queen's Box on an *Opera* Night; thou ſhalt be the Envy of the Ring (for I will carry thee to *Hyde-Park*) and thy Equipage ſhall ſurpaſs the what——d'ye call 'em, Ambaſſadors.

Miran. Nay, I am ſure the diſcreet Part of my Sex will envy me more for the inſide Furniture, when you are in it, than my outſide Equipage.

Sir *Fran.* A cunning Baggage, i'faith thou art, and a wiſe one too; and to ſhew thee thou haſt not choſe amiſs, I'll this Moment diſinherit my Son, and ſettle my whole Eſtate upon thee.

Miran. There's an old Rogue now: [*Aſide.*], No *Gardy*, I would not have your Name be ſo black in the World— You know my Father's Will runs, that I am not to poſſeſs my Eſtate without your Conſent, till I'm Five and twenty; you ſhall only abate the odd ſeven Years, and make me Miſtreſs of my Eſtate To-day, and I'll make you Maſter of my Perſon To-morrow.

Sir *Fran.* Humph? that may not be ſafe—No, *Chargy*, I'll ſettle it upon thee for *Pin-money*; and that will be every bit as well, thou know'ſt.

Miran. Unconſcionable old Wretch, bribe me with my own Money——Which way ſhall I get out o[f] [*Aſide.*] his Hands!

Sir *Fran.* Well, what art thou thinking on, my Gi[rl]

Miran. How to banter Sir *George*?

Sir *Fran.* I muſt not pretend to banter: He knows m[y] Tongue too well: [*Aſide.*] No, *Gardy*, I have thought

a way will confound him more than all I cou'd ſay, if I ſhou'd talk to him ſeven Years.

Sir *Fran.* How's that? Oh! I'm tranſported, I'm raviſh'd, I'm mad———

Miran. It wou'd make you mad, if you knew all, [*Aſide.*] I'll not anſwer him one Word, but be dumb to all he ſays.———

Sir *Fran.* Dumb, good; Ha, ha, ha, Excellent, ha, ha. I think I have you now, Sir *George*; dumb! he'll go diſtracted——Well, ſhe's the wittieſt Rogue——Ha, ha, dumb! I can but laugh, ha, ha, to think how damn'd mad he'll be when he finds he has given his Money away for a dumb Show. Ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Nay, *Gardy*, if he did but know my Thoughts of him, it would make him ten times madder: Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ſo it wou'd, *Chargy*, to hold him in ſuch Deriſion, to ſcorn to anſwer him, to be dumb! Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Enter Charles.

Sir *Fran.* How now Sirrah! Who let you in?

Cha. My Neceſſity, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Sir, your Neceſſities are very impertinent, and ought to have ſent before they entred.

Cha. Sir, I knew 'twas a Word wou'd gain Admittance no where.

Sir *Fran.* Then, Sirrah, how durſt you rudely thruſt that upon your Father, which no body elſe would admit?

Cha. Sure the Name of a Son is a ſufficient Plea. I ask this Lady's Pardon if I have intruded.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, Ay, ask her Pardon and her Bleſſing too, if you expect any thing from me.

Miran. I believe yours, Sir *Francis*, in a Purſe of Guineas, would be more material. Your Son may have Buſineſs with you, I'll retire.

Sir *Fran.* I gueſs his Buſineſs, but I'll diſpatch him; I expect the Knight every Minute: You'll be in a Readineſs?

Miran. Certainly! My Expectation is more upon the Wing than yours, old Gentleman. [*Exit.*

Sir *Fran.* Well Sir!

Cha. Nay, it is very ill, Sir; my Circumſtances are, I'm ſure.

Sir *Fran.* And what's that to me, Sir? Your Management ſhou'd have made them better.

Cha. If you pleaſe to intruſt me with the Management of my Eſtate, I ſhall endeavour it, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* What to ſet upon a Card, and buy a Lady's Favour at the Price of a thouſand Pieces, to rig out an Equipage for a Wench, or by your Careleſſneſs enrich your Steward to fine for Sheriff, or put up for Parliament-Man.

Cha. I hope I ſhou'd not ſpend it this way: However, I ask only for what my Uncle left me; yours you may diſpoſe of as you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* That I ſhall, out of your Reach, I aſſure you, Sir. Adod theſe young Fellows think old Men get Eſtates for nothing but them to ſquander away, in Dicing, Wenching, Drinking, Dreſſing, and ſo forth.

Cha. I think I was born a Gentleman, Sir! I'm ſure my Uncle bred me like one.

Sir *Fran.* From which you wou'd infer, Sir, that Gaming, Whoring, and the Pox, are Requiſites to a Gentleman.

Cha. Monſtrous! when I wou'd ask him only for a Support, he falls into theſe unmannerly Reproaches; I muſt, tho' againſt my Will, employ Invention, and by Stratagem relieve myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Sirrah, what is it you mutter Sirrah, ha? [*Holds up his Cane.*] I ſay you ſhan't have a Groat out of my Hands 'till I pleaſe——and may be I'll never pleaſe, and what's that to you?

Cha. Nay, to be robb'd, or have one's Throat cut, is not much——

Sir *Fran.* What's that, Sirrah? wou'd ye rob me, or cut my Throat, ye Rogue?

Cha. Heaven forbid, Sir,——I ſaid no ſuch Thing.

Sir

Sir *Fran.* Mercy on me! What a Plague it is to have a Son of One and Twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's Life, to edge himſelf into the Eſtate!

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. Egad he's here——I was afraid I had loſt him: His Secret cou'd not be with his Father, his Wants are publick there——Guardian,—your Servant *Charles*, I know by that ſorrowful Countenance of thine, the old Man's Fiſt is as cloſe as his ſtrong Box——But I'll help thee——

Sir *Fran.* So: Here's another extravagant Coxcomb, that will ſpend his Fortune before he comes to't; but he ſhall pay ſwinging Intereſt, and ſo let the Fool go on—Well, what! does Neceſſity bring you too, Sir?

Marpl. You have hit it, Guardian—I want a hundred Pound.

Sir *Fran.* For what?

Marpl. Po'gh for a hundred Things: I can't for my Life tell you for what.

Cha. Sir, I ſuppoſe I have received all the Anſwer I am like to have.

Marpl. Oh, the Devil, if he gets out before me, I ſhall loſe him again.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, Sir, and you may be marching as ſoon as you pleaſe——I muſt ſee a Change in your Temper e'er you find one in mine.

Marpl. Pray, Sir, diſpatch me; the Money, Sir, I'm in mighty Haſte.

Sir *Fran.* Fool, take this and go to the Caſhier; I ſhan't be long plagu'd with thee. [*Gives him a Note.*

Marpl. Devil take the Caſhier, I ſhall certainly have *Charles* gone before I come back again. [*Runs out.*

Cha. Well, Sir, I take my Leave——But remember, you expoſe an only Son to all the Miſeries of wretched Poverty, which too often lays the Plan for Scenes of Miſchief.

Sir *Fran.* Stay *Charles*, I have a ſudden Thought come into my Head, may prove to thy Advantage.

Cha. Ha, does he relent?

Sir *Fran.* My Lady *Wrinkle*, worth Forty thouſand Pounds, ſets up for a handſome young Husband; ſhe prais'd thee t'other Day; tho' the Match-makers can get twenty Guineas for a Sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

Cha. My Lady *Wrinkle*, Sir! why ſhe has but one Eye.

Sir *Fran.* Then ſhe'll ſee but half your Extravagance, Sir.

Cha. Condemn me to ſuch a Piece of Deformity! Toothleſs, Dirty, Wry-neck'd, Hunch-back'd Hag.

Sir *Fran.* Hunch-back'd! ſo much the better, then ſhe has a Reſt for her Misfortunes; for thou wilt load her ſwingingly. Now I warrant you think, this is no Offer of a Father; Forty thouſand Pounds is nothing with you.

Cha. Yes, Sir, I think it is too much; a young beautiful Woman with half the Money wou'd be more agreeable. I thank you, Sir; but you choſe better for yourſelf, I find.

Sir *Fran.* Out of my Doors, you Dog; you pretend to meddle with my Marriage, Sirrah!

Cha. Sir, I obey: But——

Sir *Fran.* But me no Buts——Be gone, Sir: Dare to ask me for Money again—Refuſe Forty thouſand Pound! Out of my Doors, I ſay, without Reply.

[*Exit* Cha.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. One Sir *George Airy* enquires for you, Sir.

Enter Marplot *running.*

Marpl. Ha! gone! Is *Charles* gone, Guardian?

Sir *Fran.* Yes; and I deſire your wiſe Worſhip to walk after him.

Marpl. Nay, Egad, I ſhall run, I tell you but that. Ah, Pox of the Caſhier for detaining me ſo long, where the Devil ſhall I find him now? I ſhall certainly loſe this Secret. [*Exit haſtily.*

Sir

Sir *Fran.* What is the Fellow diſtracted?——Deſire Sir *George* to walk up——Now for a Trial of Skill that will make me happy, and him a Fool: Ha, ha, ha, in my Mind he looks like an Aſs already.

Enter Sir George.

Sir *Fran.* Well, Sir *George*, Do ye hold in the ſame Mind, or would you capitulate? Ha, ha, ha: Look here are the Guineas. [*Chinks 'em.*] Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* Not if they were twice the Sum, Sir *Francis*: Therefore be brief, call in the Lady, and take your Poſt—if ſhe's a Woman, and not ſeduc'd by Witchcraft to this old Rogue, I'll make his Heart ake; for if ſhe has but one Grain of Inclination about her, I'll vary a thouſand Shapes, but find it. [*Aſide.*

Enter Miranda.

Sir *Fran.* Agreed——*Miranda.* There Sir *George*, try your Fortune. [*Takes out his Watch.*]

Sir *Geo.* So from the Eaſtern Chambers breaks the Sun,
Diſpels the Clouds, and gilds the Vales below.
[*Salutes her.*

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, Kiſſing was not in our Agreement.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! that's by way of Prologue:——Prithee, old Mammon, to thy Poſt.

Sir *Fran.* Well, young *Timon*, 'tis now Four exactly; one Hour, remember, is your utmoſt Limit, not a Minute more. [*Retires to the Bottom of the Stage.*

Sir *Geo.* Madam, whether you'll excuſe or blame my Love, the Author of this raſh Proceeding depends upon your Pleaſure, as alſo the Life of your Admirer; your ſparkling Eyes ſpeak a Heart ſuſceptible of Love; your Vivacity a Soul too delicate to admit the Embraces of decay'd Mortality.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] Oh! that I durſt ſpeak——

Sir *Geo.* Shake off this Tyrant Guardian's Yoke, aſſume yourſelf, and daſh his bold aſpiring Hopes; the Deity of his Deſires, is Avarice; a Heretick in Love, and ought to be baniſh'd by the Queen of Beauty. See, Madam,

a faithful Servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the Number of your Slaves.

[Miranda *gives him her Hand to raiſe him.*

Sir *Fran.* I wiſh I cou'd hear what he ſays now. [*Running up.*] Hold, hold, hold, no Palming, that's contrary to Articles———

Sir *Geo.* 'Sdeath, Sir, keep your Diſtance, or I'll write another Article in your Guts.

[*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir *Fran.* [*Going back.*] A bloody minded Fellow!——

Sir *Geo.* Not anſwer me! perhaps ſhe thinks my Addreſs too grave; I'll be more free——Can you be ſo unconſcionable, Madam, to let me ſay all theſe fine things to you without one ſingle Compliment in Return? View me well, am I not a proper handſome Fellow, ha? Can you prefer that old, dry, whither'd ſapleſs Log of Sixty-five, to the vigorous, gay, ſprightly Love of Twenty-four? With ſnoring only he'll awake thee, but I with raviſhing Delight won'd make thy Senſes dance in Conſort with the joyful Minutes——Ha! Not yet? Sure ſhe is dumb———Thus woo'd I ſteal and touch thy beauteous Hand, [*Takes hold of her Hand,*] 'till by degrees I reach'd thy ſnowy Breaſts, then raviſht Kiſſes thus.

[*Embraces her in the Ecſtaſy.*

Miran. [*Struggles and flings from him.*] O Heavens! I ſhall not be able to contain myſelf,

[*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* [*Running up with his Watch in his Hand.*] Sure ſhe did not ſpeak to him——There's Three Quarters of the Hour gone, Sir *George*———Adod, I don't like thoſe cloſe Conferences———

Sir *Geo.* More Interruptions——you will have it, Sir,

[*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir *Fran.* [*Going back.*] No, no, you ſhan't have her neither.

[*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Dum ſtill———Sure this old Dog has enjoin'd her Silence; I'll try another way——I muſt conclude, Madam, that in Compliance to your Guardian's Humour, you refuſe to anſwer me——Conſider the Injuſtice of his Injunction. This ſingle Hour coſt me a hundred Pound——and would you anſwer me, I could purchaſe

purchase the Twenty-four so: However, Madam, you must give me leave to make the best Interpretation I can for my Money, and take the Indication of your Silence for the secret Liking of my Person: Therefore, Madam, I will instruct you how to keep your Word inviolate to Sir *Francis*, and yet answer me to every Question: As for Example, when I ask any Thing to which you would reply in the Affirmative, gently nod your Head——thus; and when in the Negative, thus; [*Shakes his Head.*] and in the Doubtful, a tender Sigh, thus.

[*Sighs.*

Miran. How every Action charms me——but I'll fit him for Signs, I warrant him. [*Aside.*

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *George*. Ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*

Sir *Geo.* Was it by his Desire that you are dumb, Madam, to all that I can say?

Miran. [*Nods.*]

Sir *Geo.* Very well! she's tractable, I find——And is it possible that you can love him! Miraculous! [Miran. *nods.*] Pardon the Bluntness of my Questions, for my Time is short; may I not hope to supplant him in your Esteem? [Miran. *sighs.*] Good, she answers me as I could wish——You'll not consent to marry him then? [Miran. *sighs.*] How! doubtful in that——Undone again——Humph! but that may proceed from his Power to keep her out of her Estate 'till Twenty-five; I'll try that——Come Madam, I cannot think you hesitate on this Affair out of any Motive but your Fortune——Let him keep it 'till those few Years are expired; make me happy with your Person, let him enjoy your Wealth——[Miran. *holds up her Hands.*] Why, what Sign is that now? Nay, nay, Madam, except you observe my Lesson, I can't understand your Meaning——

Sir *Fran.* What a Vengeance, are they talking by Signs! 'ad I may be fool'd here; what do you mean, Sir *George*?

Sir *Geo.* To cut your Throat, if you dare mutter another Syllable.

Sir *Fran.* Od! I wiſh he were fairly out of my Houſe.

Sir *Geo.* Pray, Madam, will you anſwer me to the Purpoſe? [Miran. *ſhakes her Head, and points to* Sir Francis.] What! does ſhe mean ſhe won't anſwer me to the Purpoſe, or is ſhe afraid yon' old Cuff ſhou'd underſtand her Signs?——Ay, it muſt be that; I perceive, Madam, you are too apprehenſive of the Promiſe you have made to follow my Rules; therefore I'll ſuppoſe your Mind, and anſwer for you——Firſt, for myſelf, Madam, that I am in Love with you is an infallible Truth. Now for you: [*Turns on her Side.*] Indeed, Sir, and may I believe it?——As certainly, Madam, as that 'tis Day-light, or that I die if you perſiſt in Silence——Bleſs me with the Muſick of your Voice, and raiſe my Spirits to their proper Heaven: Thus low let me intreat; e'er I'm oblig'd to quit this Place, grant me ſome Token of a favourable Reception to keep my Hopes alive. [*Ariſes haſtily, turns on her Side.*] Riſe, Sir, and ſince my Guardian's Preſence will not allow me Privilege of Tongue, read that, and reſt aſſured you are not indifferent to me. [*Offers her a Letter.*] Ha! right Woman! But no [*ſhe ſtrikes it down*] matter, I'll go on.

Sir *Fran.* Ha! what's that a Letter—Ha, ha, ha, thou art baulk'd.

Miran. The beſt Aſſurance I ever ſaw—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! a Letter! Oh! let me kiſs it with the ſame Raptures that I would do the dear Hand that touch'd it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a quick Fancy, and a long *Extempore*——What's here? [*Reads.*] "Dear Sir "*George*, this Virgin Muſe I conſecrate to you, which "when it has receiv'd the Addition of your Voice, 'twill "charm me into a Deſire of Liberty to love, which "you, and only you can fix." My Angel! Oh you tranſport me! [*Kiſſes the Letter.*] And ſee the Power of your Command; the God of Love has ſet the Verſe already; the flowing Numbers dance into a Tune, and I'm inſpir'd with a Voice to ſing it.

Miran. I'm ſure thou art inſpir'd with Impudence enough.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* [*Sings.*]

Great Love inſpire him;
Say I admire him.
Give me the Lover
That can diſcover
Secret Devotion
From ſilent Motion;
Then don't betray me,
But hence convey me.

Sir *Geo.* [*Taking hold of* Miranda.] With all my Heart, this Moment let's retire. [*Sir* Francis *coming up haſtily.*

Sir *Fran.* The Hour is expir'd, Sir, and you muſt take your leave. There, my Girl, there's the Hundred Pounds, which thou haſt won; go, I'll be with you preſently, Ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit* Miranda.

Sir *Geo.* Ads-heart, Madam, you won't leave me juſt in the Nick, will you?

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ſhe has nick'd you, Sir *George*, I think, Ha, ha, ha! Have ye any more Hundred Pounds to throw away upon Courtſhip, Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* He, he, he, he, a Curſe of you fleering Jeſts ——Yet, however ill I ſucceeded, I'll venture the ſame Wager, ſhe does not value thee a ſpoonful of Snuff ——Nay more, though you enjoin'd her Silence to me, you'll never make her ſpeak to the Purpoſe with yourſelf.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, did not I tell thee thou would'ſt repent thy Money? Did not I ſay, ſhe hated young Fellows, Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* And I'm poſitive ſhe's not in Love with Age.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, no matter for that, Ha, ha, ſhe's not taken with your Youth, nor your Rhetorick to boot, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* Whate'er her Reaſons are for diſliking of me, I am certain ſhe can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha; how he ſwells with Envy—— Poor Man, poor Man——Ha, ha; I muſt beg your

pardon, Sir *George*; *Miranda* will be impatient to have her ſhare of Mirth: Verily we ſhall laugh at thee moſt egregiouſly; Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* With all my Heart, Faith——I ſhall laugh in my turn too——For if you dare marry her, old *Belzebub*, you would be cuckolded moſt egregiouſly: Remember that and tremble——

She that to Age her beauteous Self reſigns,
Shews witty Management for cloſe Deſigns.
Then if thou'rt grac'd with fair Miranda's *Bed,*
Acteon's Horns ſhe means ſhall crown thy Head.

[Exit.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha; he is mad.

Theſe flutt'ring Fops imagine they can wind,
Turn, and decoy to Love all Woman-kind:
But here's a Proof of Wiſdom in my Charge,
Old Men are conſtant, young Men live at large;
The frugal Hand can Bills at Sight defray,
When he that laviſh is, has nought to pay.

[Exit.

SCENE *changes to Sir* Jealous Traffick's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Jealous, Habinda, Patch *following.*

Sir *Jeal.* What in the Balcony again, notwithſtanding my poſitive Commands to the contrary!——Why don't you write a Bill upon your Forehead, to ſhow Paſſengers there's ſomething to be lett——

Iſab. What Harm can there be in a little freſh Air, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* Is your Conſtitution ſo hot, Miſtreſs, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous *Spaniſh* Rules, baniſh your Taſte, and Thoughts of Fleſh, feed upon Roots, and quench your Thirſt with Water.

Iſab. That and a cloſe Room wou'd certainly make me die of the Vapours.

Sir *Jea.* No, Miſtreſs, 'tis your high-fed luſty, rambling, rampart Ladies——that are troubled with the Vapours;

Vapours; 'tis your Ratifia, Perfico, Cinnamon, Citron, and Spirit of Clary, cauſe ſuch Swi—m—ing in the Brain, that carries many a Guinea full-tide to the Doctor. But you are not to be bred this way; no Galloping abroad, no receiving Viſits at home; for in our looſe Country, the Women are as dangerous as the Men.

Patch. So I told her, Sir; and that it was not decent to be ſeen in a Balcony——But ſhe threatned to ſlap my Chaps, and told me, I was her Servant, not her Governeſs.

Sir *Jeal.* Did ſhe ſo? But I'll make her to know that you are her *Duenna:* Oh that incomparable Cuſtom of *Spain!* Why here's no depending upon old Women in my Country——for they are as wanton at Eighty, as a Girl of Eighteen; and a Man may as ſafely truſt to *Aſgil*'s Tranſlation, as to his Great Grandmother's not marrying again.

Iſab. Or to the *Spaniſh* Ladies Veils and *Duennas*, for the Safeguard of their Honour.

Sir *Jeal.* Dare to ridicule the cautious Conduct of that wiſe Nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this Fortnight without a Peep-hole.

Iſab. If we had but the ghoſtly Helps in *England*, which they have in *Spain*, I might deceive you if you did——Sir, 'tis not the Reſtraint, but the innate Principles, ſecures the Reputation and Honour of our Sex.——Let me tell you, Sir, Confinement ſharpens the Invention, as Want of Sight ſtrengthens the other Senſes, and is often more pernicious, than the Recreation innocent Liberty allows.

Sir *Jeal.* Say you ſo, Miſtreſs; who the Devil taught you the Art of Reaſoning? I aſſure you, they muſt have a greater Faith than I pretend to, that can think any Woman innocent who requires Liberty. Therefore, *Patch*, to your Charge I give her; lock her up 'till I come back from *Change:* I ſhall have ſome ſauntring Coxcomb, with nothing but a Red Coat and a Feather, think by leaping into her Arms, to leap into my Eſtate——But

——But I'll prevent them; she shall be only Signior *Babinetto*'s.

Patch. Really, Sir, I wish you wou'd employ any body else in this Affair; I lead a Life like a Dog, with obeying your Commands. Come, Madam, will you please to be lock'd up?

Isab. Ay, to enjoy more Freedom than he is aware of. [*Aside.*] [*Exit with* Patch.

Sir *Jeal.* I believe this Wench is very true to my Interest: I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my Daughter from being blown upon 'till Signior *Babinetto* arrives; who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to *Spain* as soon as he has married her; she has a pregnant Wit, and I'd no more have her an *English* Wife than the Grand Signior's Mistress. [*Exit.*

Enter Whisper.

Whisp. So, I saw Sir *Jealous* go out; where shall I find Mrs. *Patch* now?

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh Mr. *Whisper!* my Lady saw you out at the Window, and order'd me to bid you fly, and let your Master know she's now alone.

Whisp. Hush, speak softly; I go, I go: But hark ye, Mrs. *Patch*, shall not you and I have a little Confabulation, when my Master and your Lady are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay, Farewel. [*Goes in and shuts the Door.*

Re-enter Sir Jealous Traffick, *meeting* Whisper.

Sir *Jeal.* Sure whilst I was talking with Mr. *Traditional*, I heard my Door clap. [*Seeing* Whisper.] Ha! a Man lurking about my House; who do you want there, Sir?

Whisp. Want——want, a pox, Sir *Jealous!* what must I say now?

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, want; have you a Letter or Message for any body there?——O' my Conscience this is some He-Bawd——

Whisp. Letter or Message, Sir!

Sir

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, Letter or Meſſage, Sir.

Whiſp. No, not I, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* Sirrah, Sirrah, I'll have you ſet in the Stocks, if you don't tell me your Buſineſs immediately.

Whiſp. Nay, Sir, my Buſineſs—is no great matter of Buſineſs neither; and yet 'tis Buſineſs of Conſequence too.

Sir *Jeal.* Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whiſp. Trifle, Sir! have you found him, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* Found what, you Raſcal?

Whiſp. Why *Trifle* is the very Lap-Dog my Lady loſt, Sir; I fancy'd I ſaw him run into this Houſe. I'm glad you have him———Sir, my Lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir *Jeal.* Who is your Lady, Friend?

Whiſp. My Lady *Love-Puppy*, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* My Lady *Love-Pupey!* then prithee carry thy ſelf to her, for I know no other Whelp that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more Puppy-hunting about my Doors, leſt I have you preſt into the Service, Sirrah.

Whiſp. By no means, Sir——Your humble Servant; I muſt watch whether he goes, or no, before I can tell my Maſter. [*Exit.*

Sir *Jeal.* This Fellow has the officious Leer of a Pimp; and I half ſuſpect a Deſign, but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Charles's *Lodgings.*

Enter Charles *and* Marplot.

Cha. Honeſt *Marplot*, I thank thee for this Supply; I expect my Lawyer with a Thouſand Pound I have order'd him to take up, and then you ſhall be repaid.

Marpl. Pho, pho, no more of that: Here comes Sir *George Airy*———

Enter Sir George.

Curſedly out of humour at his Diſappointment; ſee how he looks! Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* Ah, *Charles*, I am ſo humbled in my Pretenſions to Plots upon Women, that I believe I ſhall never have

have Courage enough to attempt a Chamber-Maid again ——I'll tell thee.

Cha. Ha, ha; I'll ſpare you the Relation, by telling you——Impatient to know your Buſineſs with my Father, when I ſaw you enter I ſlipt back into the next Room, where I over-heard every Syllable.

Sir *Geo.* That I ſaid——But I'll be hang'd if you heard her anſwer——But prithee tell me, *Charles*, is ſhe a Fool?

Cha. I ne'er ſuſpected her for one; but *Marplot* can inform you better, if you'll allow him a Judge.

Marpl. A Fool! I'll juſtify ſhe has more Wit than all the reſt of her Sex put together; why ſhe'll rally me 'till I han't one Word to ſay for myſelf.

Cha. A mighty Proof of her Wit truly——

Marpl. There muſt be ſome Trick in't, Sir *George*; Egad I'll find it out, if it coſt me the Sum you paid for't.

Sir *Geo.* Do, and command me——

Marpl. Enough, let me alone to trace a Secret——

Enter Whiſper, *and ſpeaks aſide to his Maſter.*

The Devil! *Whiſper* here again, that Fellow never ſpeaks out; Is this the ſame, or a new Secret? Sir *George*, won't you ask *Charles* what News *Whiſper* brings?

Sir *Geo.* Not I, Sir; I ſuppoſe it does not relate to me.

Marpl. Lord, lord, how little Curioſity ſome People have! Now my chief Pleaſure lies in knowing every body's Buſineſs.

Sir *Geo.* I fancy, *Charles*, thou haſt ſome Engagement upon thy Hands: I have a little Buſineſs too. *Marplot*, if it fall in your way to bring me any Intelligence from *Miranda*, you'll find me at the Thatch'd Houſe at Six——

Marpl. You do me much Honour.

Cha. You gueſs right, Sir *George*, wiſh me Succeſs.

Sir *Geo.* Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Cha. *Marpl.* you muſt excuſe me——

Marpl.

Marpl. Nay, nay, what need of any Excuſe amongſt Friends; I'll go with you.

Cha. Indeed you muſt not.

Marpl. No, then I ſuppoſe 'tis a Duel, and I will go to ſecure ye.

Cha. Secure me! Why you won't fight?

Marpl. What then! I can call the People to part ye.

Cha. Well, but it is no Duel, conſequently no Danger. Therefore prithee be anſwer'd.

Marpl. What is't a Miſtreſs then?——Mum——You know I can be ſilent upon Occaſion.

Cha. I wiſh you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither muſt nor ſhall go with me. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Marpl. Why then——I muſt and will follow you. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

Enter Charles.

Cha. WELL, here's the Houſe which holds the lovely Prize quiet and ſerene: here no noiſy Footmen throng to tell the World, that Beauty dwells within; no ceremonious Viſit makes the Lover wait; no Rival to give my Heart a Pang: Who would not ſcale the Window at Midnight without Fear of the jealous Father's Piſtol, rather than fill up the Train of a Coquet, where every Minute he is joſtled out of Place? [*Knocks ſoftly.*] Mrs. *Patch*, Mrs. *Patch!*

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, are you come, Sir? All's ſafe.

Cha. So in, in then.

Enter

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. There he goes: Who the Devil lives here? Except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his Buſineſs as ever; Gad I'll watch, it may be a Bawdy-Houſe, and he may have his Throat cut; if there ſhou'd be any Miſchief, I can make Oath he went in. Well, *Charles*, in ſpight of your Endeavour to keep me out of the Secret, I may ſave your Life for aught I know: At that Corner I'll plant myſelf, there I ſhall ſee whoever goes in, or comes out. Gad, I love Diſcoveries. [*Exit.*

SCENE *draws.* Charles, Iſabinda *and* Patch.

Iſab. Patch look out ſharp; have a care of Dad.

Patch. I warrant you.

Iſab. Well, Sir, if I may judge your Love by your Courage, I ought to believe you ſincere; for you venture into the Lion's Den when you come to ſee me.

Cha. If you'd conſent, whilſt the furious Beaſt is abroad, I'd free you from the Reach of his Paws.

Iſab. That would be but to avoid one Danger by running into another; like the poor Wretches who fly the burning Ship, and meet their Fate in the Water. Come, come, *Charles*, I fear if I conſult my Reaſon, Confinement and Plenty is better than Liberty and Starving. I know you'd make the Frolick pleaſing for a little Time, by ſaying and doing a world of tender things; but when our ſmall Subſtance is once exhauſted, and a thouſand Requiſites for Life are wanting, Love, who rarely dwells with Poverty, wou'd alſo fail us.

Cha. Faith, I fancy not; methinks my Heart has laid up a Stock will laſt for Life; to back which, I have taken a thouſand Pound upon my Uncle's Eſtate; that ſurely will ſupport us till one of our Fathers relent.

Iſab. There's no truſting to that, my Friend; I doubt your Father will carry his Humour to the Grave, and mine till he ſees me ſettled in *Spain*.

Cha.

Cha. And can ye then cruelly reſolve to ſtay till that curs'd *Don* arrives, and ſuffer that Youth, Beauty, Fire, and Wit to be ſacrific'd to the Arms of a dull *Spaniard*, to be immur'd, and forbid the Sight of any thing that's Human?

Iſab. No, when it comes to the Extremity, and no Stratagem can relieve us, thou ſhalt liſt for a Soldier, and I'll carry thy Knapſack after thee.

Cha. Bravely reſolv'd; the World cannot be more ſavage than our Parents, and Fortune generally aſſiſts the Bold; therefore conſent now: Why ſhould we put it to a future Hazard? Who knows when we ſhall have another Opportunity?

Iſab. Oh, you have your Ladder of Ropes, I ſuppoſe, and the Cloſet-Window ſtands juſt where it did, and if you han't forgot to write in Characters, *Patch* will find a way for our Aſſignations. Thus much of the *Spaniſh* Contrivance my Father's Severity has taught me, I thank him; tho' I hate the Nation, I admire their Management in theſe Affairs.

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Madam, I ſee my Maſter coming up the Street.

Cha. Oh, the Devil, would I had my Ladder now, I thought you had not expected him till Night; why, why, why, why, what ſhall I do, Madam?

Iſab. Oh! for Heaven's ſake! don't go that way; you'll meet him full in the Teeth: Oh, unlucky Moment!———

Cha. Adſheart, can you ſhut me into no Cupboard, am me into no Cheſt, ha?

Patch. Impoſſible, Sir, he ſearches every Hole in the Houſe.

Iſab. Undone for ever! if he ſees you, I ſhall never ee you more.

Patch. I have thought on it: Run you to your Chamer, Madam; and, Sir, come you along with me, I'm ertain you may eaſily get down from the Balcony.

Cha.

Cha. My Life, Adieu——Lead on, Guide. [*Exit.*

Isab. Heaven preserve him. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Sir Jealous, *with* Marplot *behind him.*

Sir *Jeal.* I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strong Suspicion all is not right within; that Fellow's flaunting about my Door, and his Tale of a Puppy had the Face of a Lye methought. By St. *Iago*, if I should find a Man in the House, I'd make Mince-Meat of him———

Marpl. Ah, poor *Charles*—ha? Egad he is old—— I fancy I might bully him, and make *Charles* have an Opinion of my Courage.

Sir *Jeal.* My own Key shall let me in: I'll give them no Warning. [*Feeling for his Key.*

Marpl. What's that you say, Sir? [*Going up to Sir* Jealous.

Sir *Jeal.* What's that to you, Sir? [*Turns quick upon him.*

Marpl. Yes, 'tis to me, Sir: for the Gentleman you threaten is a very honest Gentleman. Look to't; for if he comes not as safe out of your House as he went in, I have half a dozen *Myrmidons* hard by shall beat it about your Ears.

Sir *Jeal.* Went in! What is he in then? Ah! a Combination to undo me———I'll *Myrmidon* you, ye Dog you.———Thieves, Thieves!

[*Beats* Marplot *all the while he cries Thieves.*

Marpl. Murder, Murder; I was not in your House, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* The matter, Rascal! Have you let a Man into my House; but I'll flea him alive; follow me, I'll

not leave a Mouſe-hole unſearch'd; if I find him, by St. *Iago* I'll equip him for the *Opera*.

Marpl. A Duce of his Cane, there's no truſting to Age.——What ſhall I do to relieve *Charles*? Egad, I'll raiſe the Neighbourhood——Murder, Murder—— [Charles *drops down upon him from the Balcony.*] *Charles*, faith I'm glad to ſee thee ſafe out with all my Heart.

Cha. A Pox of your Bawling: How the Devil came you here?

Marpl. Here! gad, I have done you a piece of Service; I told the old Thunderbolt, that the Gentleman that was gone in, was——

Cha. Was it you that told him, Sir? [*Laying hold of him.*] 'Sdeath, I cou'd cruſh thee into Atoms.

[*Exit* Charles.

Marpl. What will you choak me for my Kindneſs? ——Will my enquiring Soul never leave ſearching into other People's Affairs, till it gets ſqueez'd out of my Body? I dare not follow him now, for my Blood, he's in ſuch a Paſſion——I'll to *Miranda*; if I can diſcover aught that may oblige Sir *George*, it may be a means to reconcile me again to *Charles*. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jealous *and Servants.*

Sir *Jeal.* Are you ſure you have ſearch'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the Top of the Houſe to the Bottom.

Sir *Jeal.* Under the Beds, and over the Beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too; but found no body, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* Why, what could this Rogue mean?

Enter Iſabinda *and* Patch.

Patch. Take Courage, Madam, I ſaw him ſafe out. [*Aſide to* Iſab.

Iſab. Bleſs me! what's the Matter, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* You know beſt——Pray where's the Man that was here juſt now?

Iſab. What Man, Sir? I ſaw none!

Patch. Nor I, by the Truſt you repoſe in me; do you think I wou'd let a Man come within theſe Doors, when you are abſent?

Sir

Sir *Jeal.* Ah, *Patch*, she may be too cunning for thy Honesty; the very Scout that he had set to give Warning, discover'd it to me—and threaten'd me with half a dozen *Myrmidons*——But I think I maul'd the Villain. These Afflictions you draw upon me, Mistress!

Isab. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis your own ridiculous Humour draws you into these Vexations, and gives every Fool pretence to banter you.

Sir *Jeal.* No, 'tis your idle Conduct, your coquetish Flirting into the Balcony——Oh, with what Joy shall I resign thee into the Arms of Don *Diego Babinetto*.

Isab. And with what Industry shall I avoid him! [*Aside.*

Sir *Jeal.* Certainly that Rogue had a Message from some body or other; but being baulk'd by my coming, popt that Sham upon me. Come along, ye Sots, let's see if we can find the Dog again. *Patch*, lock her up; d'ye hear?

Patch. Yes, Sir——ay, walk till your Heels ake, you'll find no body, I promise you.

Isab. Who cou'd that Scout be which he talks of?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine, without it was *Whisper*.

Isab. Well, dear *Patch*, let's employ all our Thoughts how to escape this horrid Don *Diego*, my very Heart sinks at his terrible Name.

Patch. Fear not, Madam, Don *Carlo* shall be the Man, or I'll lose the Reputation of Contriving; and then what's a Chamber-maid good for?

Isab. Say'st thou so, my Girl: Then——

Let Dad be jealous, multiply his Cares,
While Love instructs me to avoid the Snares;
I'll, spight of all his Spanish *Caution, shew*
How much for Love a British *Maid can do.* [Exit.

SCENE *Sir* Francis Gripe's *House.*

Sir Francis *and* Miranda *meeting.*

Miran. Well, *Gardee*, how did I perform my dumb Scene?

Si

Sir *Fran.* To Admiration——Thou dear little Rogue, let me buſs thee for it: Nay, adod, I will, *Chargee*, ſo muzzle, and tuzzle, and hug thee, I will, i'faith, I will, [*Hugging and kiſſing her.*

Miran. Nay, *Gardee*, don't be ſo laviſh; who would ride Poſt, when the Journey laſts for Life?

Sir *Fran.* Ah wag, ah wag—I'll buſs thee again, for that.

Miran. Faugh! how he ſtinks of Tobacco! what a delicate Bedfellow I ſhou'd have? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Oh, I'm tranſported! When, when, my Dear, wilt thou convince the World of thy happy Day? When ſhall we marry, ha?

Miran. There's nothing wanting but your Conſent, Sir *Francis*.

Sir *Fran.* My Conſent! What does my Charmer mean?

Miran. Nay, 'tis only a Whim: but I'll have every thing according to Form——Therefore when you ſign an authentick Paper, drawn up by an able Lawyer, that I have your Leave to marry, the next Day make me yours, *Gardee*.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha; a Whim indeed! why is it not Demonſtration I give my Leave when I marry thee?

Miran. Not for your Reputation, *Gardee*; the malicious World will be apt to ſay you trick'd me into Marriage, and ſo take the Merit for my Choice. Now will have the Act my own, to let the idle Fops ſee ow much I prefer a Man loaded with Years and Wiſ-om.

Sir *Fran.* Humph! Prithee leave out Years, *Chargee*, m not ſo old, as thou ſhalt find: Adod, I'm young; ere's a Caper for ye. [*Jumps.*

Miran. Oh, never excuſe it, why, I like you the bet- for being old.——But I ſhall ſuſpect you don't love , if you refuſe me this Formality.

Sir *Fran.* Not love thee, *Chargee!* Adod, I do love e better than, than, than, better than——what ſhall ay? Egad, better than Money; i'faith, I do——

Miran. That's falſe, I'm ſure [*Aſide.*] To prove it, do then.

Sir

Sir *Fran.* Well, I will do it, *Charget*, provided I bring a Licenſe at the ſame Time?

Miran. Ay, and a Parſon too, if you pleaſe: Ha, ha, ha, I can't help laughing to think how all the young Coxcombs about Town, will be mortified when they hear of our Marriage.

Sir *Fran.* So they will, ſo they will: Ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Well, I fancy I ſhall be ſo happy with my *Gardee!*

Sir *Fran.* If wearing Pearls and Jewels, or eating Gold, as the old Saying is, can make thee happy, thou ſhalt be ſo, my ſweeteſt, my lovely, my charming, my—verily I know not what to call thee.

Miran. You muſt know, *Gardee*, that I am ſo eager to have this Buſineſs concluded, that I have employ'd my Woman's Brother, who is a Lawyer in the *Temple*, to ſettle Matters juſt to your liking; you are to give your Conſent to my Marriage, which is to yourſelf, you know: But, Mum, you muſt take no Notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your Leave, put my Writings into his Hands; then To-morrow we come flap upon them with a Wedding that no body thought on; by which you ſeize me and my Eſtate, and I ſuppoſe make a Bonfire of your own Act and Deed.

Sir *Fran.* Nay, but *Chargee*, if———

Miran. Nay, *Gardee*, no Ifs———Have I refus'd three Northern Lords, two *Britiſh* Peers, and half a ſcore Knights, to have you put in your Ifs?———

Sir *Fran.* So thou haſt, indeed, and I will truſt to thy Management. Od, I'm all of a fire.

Miran. 'Tis a Wonder the dry Stubble does not blaze. [*Aſide.*

Enter Marplot.

Sir *Fran.* How now, who ſent for you, Sir? What the hundred Pound gone already?

Marpl. No, Sir, I don't want Money now.

Sir *Fran.* No; that's a Miracle! but there's one thing you want, I'm ſure.

Marpl. Ay, what's that, Guardian?

Sir *Fran.* Manners: What, had I no Servants without *Mar*

Marpl. None that could do my Buſineſs, Guardian, which is at preſent with this Lady.

Miran. With me, Mr. *Marplot!* what is it, I beſeech you?

Sir *Fran.* Ay, Sir, what is it? Any thing that relates to her may be deliver'd to me.

Marpl. I deny that.

Miran. That's more than I do, Sir.

Marpl. Indeed, Madam! Why then to proceed; Fame ſays, that you and my moſt conſcionable *Guardian* here deſign'd, contriv'd, plotted and agreed, to chouſe a very civil, honeſt, honourable Gentleman, out of a Hundred Pound.

Miran. That I contriv'd it!

Marpl. Ay you——You ſaid never Word againſt it, ſo far you are guilty.

Sir *Fran.* Pray tell that civil, honeſt, honourable Gentleman, that if he has any more ſuch Sums to fool away, they ſhall be receiv'd like the laſt: Ha, ha, ha, chous'd, quotha! But, hark ye, let him know at the ſame time, that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I ſhall recommend a Lawyer to him ſhall ſhew him a Trick for twice as much: D'ye hear? Tell him that.

Marpl. So, and this is the way you uſe a Gentleman and my Friend.

Miran. Is the Wretch thy Friend?

Marpl. The Wretch! Look ye, Madam, don't call names: Egad, I won't take it.

Miran. Why, you won't beat me, will you? Ha, ha,

Marpl. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir *Fran.* Sir, I ſhall make a Servant ſhew you out at the Window, if you are ſaucy.

Marpl. I am your moſt humble Servant, *Guardian*; I deſign to go out the ſame way I came in. I would only ask this Lady, if ſhe does not think in her Soul Sir *George Airy* is not a fine Gentleman?

Miran. He dreſſes well.

Sir *Fran.* Which is chiefly owing to his Taylor, and his *Valet de Chambre.*

Miran. And if you allow that a Proof of his being a fine Gentleman, he is ſo.

Marpl. The judicious part of the World allow him Wit, Courage, Gallantry, and Management; tho' I think he forfeited that Character, when he flung away a hundred Pound upon your dumb Ladyſhip.

Sir *Fran.* Does that gaul him? Ha, ha, ha.

Miran. So, Sir *George* remaining in deep Diſcontent, has ſent you his truſty Squire to utter his Complaint: Ha, ha, ha.

Marpl. Yes, Madam; and you, like a cruel, hard-hearted Jew, value it no more——than I wou'd your Ladyſhip, were I Sir *George*, you, you, you——

Miran. Oh, don't call Names, I know you love to be employ'd, and I'll oblige you, and you ſhall carry him a Meſſage from me.

Marpl. According as I like it: What is it?

Miran. Nay, a kind one you may be ſure——Firſt tell him, I have choſe this Gentleman to have and to hold, and ſo forth. [*Clapping her Hand into Sir* Francis's

Sir *Fran.* Oh, the dear Rogue, how I dote on her! [*Aſide.*

Miran. And adviſe his Impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer Sir *Francis* for a Husband before all the Fops in the Univerſe.

Marpl. Oh Lord, Oh Lord! ſhe's bewitch'd, that's certain: Here's a Husband for Eighteen——Here's a Shape——Here's Bones rattling in a leathern Bag. [*Turning Sir* Francis *about.*] Here's Buckram and Canvas to ſcrub you to Repentance.

Sir *Fran.* Sirrah, my Cane ſhall teach you Repentance preſently.

Marpl. No faith, I have felt its Twin-brother from juſt ſuch a wither'd Hand too lately.

Miran. One thing more; adviſe him to keep from the Garden-Gate on the left Hand; for if he dare to ſaunter there about the Hour of Eight, as he uſed to do, he ſhall be ſaluted with a Piſtol or Blunderbus.

Sir *Fran.* O monſtrous! why *Chargee*, did he uſe to come to the Garden-Gate?

Mir

Miran. The Gard'ner deſcrib'd juſt ſuch another Man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his Entrance——Tell him he ſhall find a warm Reception if he comes this Night.

Marpl. Piſtols and Blunderbuſſes! Egad, a warm Reception indeed; I ſhall take care to inform him of your Kindneſs, and adviſe him to keep farther off.

Miran. I hope he will underſtand my Meaning better, than to follow your Advice. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Thou haſt ſign'd, ſeal'd, and ta'en Poſſeſſion of my Heart for ever, *Charger*, Ha, ha, ha; and for you, Mr. Sauce-box, let me have no more of your Meſſages, if ever you deſign to inherit your Eſtate, Gentleman.

Marpl. Why there 'tis now. Sure I ſhall be out of your Clutches one day——Well, *Guardian*, I ſay no more; but if you be not as errant a Cuckold, as e'er drove Bargain upon the Exchange, or paid Attendance at a Court, I am the Son of a Whetſtone; and ſo your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Miran. Don't forget the Meſſage; Ha, ha.

Sir *Fran.* I am ſo provok'd!——'tis well he's gone.

Miran. Oh mind him not, *Gardee*, but let's ſign Articles, and then——

Sir *Fran.* And then——Adod, I believe I am metamorphos'd; my Pulſe beats high, and my Blood boils, methinks—— [*Kiſſing and hugging her.*

Miran. Oh fie, *Gardee*, be not ſo violent; Conſider the Market laſts all the Year——Well, I'll in and ſee if the Lawyer be come, you'll follow. [*Exit.*

Sir *Fran.* Ay, to the World's End, my Dear. Well, Frank, thou art a lucky Fellow in thy old Age, to have ſuch a delicate Morſel, and Thirty Thouſand Pound in Dowre with thee; I ſhall be the Envy of Batchelors, the Story of marry'd Men, and the Wonder of the Town. Some Guardians wou'd be glad to compound for part of their Eſtate, at diſpatching an Heireſs, but I engroſs the whole: *O! Mihi præteritos referet ſi Jupiter Annos.*

[Exit.

SCENE *changes to a Tavern; discovers Sir* George *and* Charles *with Wine before them, and* Whisper *waiting.*

Sir *Geo.* Nay, prithee don't be grave, *Charles:* Misfortunes will happen, Ha, ha, ha, 'tis some Comfort to have a Companion in our Sufferings.

Cha. I am only apprehensive for *Isabinda*, her Father's Humour is implacable; and how far his Jealousy may transport him to her Undoing, shocks my Soul to think.

Sir *Geo.* But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his Rage will quickly lash into a Calm, never fear it.

Cha. But who knows what that unlucky Dog, *Marplot*, told him; nor can I imagine what brought him hither; that Fellow is ever doing Mischief; and yet, to give him his due, he never designs it. This is some blundering Adventure, wherein he thought to shew his Friendship, as he calls it; a Curse on him.

Sir *Geo.* Then you must forgive him; what said he?

Cha. Said! nay, I had more mind to cut his Throat, than to hear his Excuses.

Sir *Geo.* Where is he?

Whisp. Sir, I saw him go into Sir *Francis Gripe*'s just now.

Cha. Oh! then he's upon your Business, Sir *George*; a thousand to one but he makes some mistake there too.

Sir *Geo.* Impossible, without he huffs the Lady, and makes Love to Sir *Francis.*

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. *Marplot* is below, Gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

Cha. How civil the Rogue is, when he has done a Fault!

Sir *Geo.* Ho! Desire him to walk up. Prithee, *Charles*, throw of this Chagreen, and be good Company.

Cha. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him: *Whisper*, fetch me Pen, Ink and Paper.

Whisp. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.* Whisp.

Enter

Enter Marplot.

Cha. Do but mark his ſheepiſh Look, Sir *George*.

Marpl. Dear *Charles*, don't o'erwhelm a Man——already under inſupportable Affliction. I'm ſure I always intend to ſerve my Friends; but if my malicious Stars deny the Happineſs, is the Fault mine?

Sir *Geo.* Never mind him, Mr. *Marplot*; he is eat up with Spleen. But tell me, what ſays *Miranda*?

Marpl. Says——nay, we are all undone there too.

Cha. I told you ſo; nothing proſpers that he undertakes.

Marpl. Why, can I help her having choſe your Father for better for worſe?

Cha. So: There's another of Fortune's ſtrokes. I ſuppoſe I ſhall be edg'd out of my Eſtate with Twins every Year, let who will get 'em.

Sir *Geo.* What is the Woman really poſſeſt?

Marpl. Yes, with the Spirit of Contradiction, ſhe rail'd at you moſt prodigiouſly.

Sir *Geo.* That's no ill Sign.

Enter Whiſper, *with Pen, Ink and Paper.*

Marpl. You'd ſay it was no good Sign, if you knew all.

Sir *Geo.* Why, prithee?

Marpl. Hark'ye, Sir *George*, let me warn you, purſue your old Haunt no more, it may be dangerous.

[Charles *ſits down to write.*

Sir *Geo.* My old Haunt, what d'you mean!

Marpl. Why in ſhort then, ſince you will have it, *Miranda* vows if you dare approach the Garden-Gate at Eight a-clock, as you us'd, you ſhall be ſaluted with a Blunderbuſs, Sir. Theſe were her Words; nay, ſhe bid me tell you ſo too.

Sir *Geo.* Ha! the Garden-Gate at Eight, as I us'd to do! There muſt be a Meaning in this. Is there ſuch a Gate, *Charles*?

Cha. Yes, yes; it opens into the Park, I ſuppoſe her Ladyſhip has made many a Scamper through it.

Sir *Geo.* It muſt be an Aſſignation then. Ha, my Heart ſprings with Joy, 'tis a propitious Omen. My dear *Marplot*, let me embrace thee, thou art my Friend, my better Angel———

Marpl. What do you mean, Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.* No matter what I mean. Here, take a Bumper to the Garden-Gate, ye dear Rogue, you.

Marpl. You have Reaſon to be tranſported, Sir *George*; I have ſav'd your Life.

Sir *Geo.* My Life! thou haſt ſav'd my Soul, Man. *Charles*, if thou doſt not pledge this Health, mayſt thou never taſte the Joys of Love.

Cha. Whiſper, be ſure you take Care how you deliver this [*Gives him the Letter*] bring me the Anſwer to my Lodgings.

Whiſp. I warrant you, Sir.

Marpl. Whither does that Letter go?——Now dare I not ask for my Blood.

Cha. Now I'm for you.

Sir *Geo.* To the Garden-Gate at the Hour of Eight, *Charles*, along, Huzza!

Cha. I begin to conceive you.

Marpl. That's more than I do, Egad——to the Garden-Gate, Huzza, [*Drinks.*] But I hope you deſign to keep far enough off on't, Sir *George.*

Sir *Geo.* Ay, ay, never fear that; ſhe ſhall ſee I deſpiſe her Frowns, let her uſe her Blunderbuſs againſt the next Fool, ſhe ſhan't reach me with the Smoak, I warrant her; Ha, ha, ha.

Marpl. Ah, *Charles*, if you cou'd receive a Diſappointment thus *en Cavalier*, one ſhou'd have ſome Comfort in being beat for you.

Cha. The Fool comprehends nothing.

Sir *Geo.* Nor would I have him; prithee take him along with thee.

Cha. Enough: *Marplot* you ſhall go home with me.

Marpl. I'm glad I'm well with him however. Sir *George* yours. Egad, *Charles* aſking me to go home with him, gives me a ſhrew'd Suſpicion there's more in the Garden-Gate than I comprehend. Faith, I'll give him

him the drop, and away to *Guardian's*, and find it out.

Sir *Geo.* I kiss both your Hands——And now for the Garden-Gate.

It's Beauty gives the Assignation there,
And Love too powerful grows, t'admit of Fear.

[Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *the Outside of Sir* Jealous Traffick's *House*, Patch *peeping out of the Door.*

Enter Whisper.

Whisp. HA, Mrs. *Patch*, this is a lucky Minute, to find you so readily; my Master dies with Impatience.

Patch. My Lady imagin'd so, and by her Orders I have been scouting this Hour in search of you, to inform you that Sir *Jealous* has invited some Friends to supper with him To-night, which gives an Opportunity to your Master to make use of his Ladder of Ropes: The Closet Window shall be open, and *Isabinda* ready to receive him; bid him come immediately.

Whisp. Excellent! He'll not disappoint, I warrant him: But hold, I have a Letter here, which I'm to carry an Answer of. I can't think what Language the Direction is.

Patch. Pho, 'tis no Language, but a Character which the Lovers invented to avert Discovery. Ha, I hear my old Master coming down Stairs, it is impossible you should have an Answer; away, and bid him come himself for that——Be gone, we are ruin'd if you're seen, for he has doubled his Care since the last Accident.

Whiſp. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Patch. There, go thou into my Pocket. [*Puts it beſide, and it falls down.*] Now I'll up the Back-ſtairs, leſt I meet him. Well, a dextrous Chamber-maid is the Ladies beſt Utenſil, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jealous *with a Letter in his Hand.*

Sir *Jeal.* So, this is ſome Comfort; this tells me that *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto* is ſafely arriv'd; he ſhall marry my Daughter the Minute he comes. Ha, ha! What's here? [*Takes up the Letter* Patch *drop'd.*] A Letter! I don't know what to make of the Superſcription. I'll ſee what's within ſide, [*opens it.*] humph; 'tis *Hebrew*, I think. What can this mean? There muſt be ſome Trick in it; this was certainly deſign'd for my Daughter, but I don't know that ſhe can ſpeak any Language but her Mother-Tongue. No matter for that, this may be one of Love's Hieroglyphicks, and I fancy I ſaw *Patch*'s Tail ſweep by. That Wench may be a Slut, and inſtead of guarding my Honour, betray it; I'll find it out, I'm reſolv'd: Who's there?

Enter Servant.

What Anſwer did you bring from the Gentlemen I ſent you to invite?

Serv. That they'd all wait of you, Sir, as I told you before; but I ſuppoſe you forgot, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* Did I ſo, Sir? but I ſhan't forget to break your Head, if any of them come, Sir.

Serv. Come, Sir! why did you not ſend me to deſire their Company, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* But I ſend you now to deſire their Abſence; ſay I have ſomething extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad contrary to Expectation, and aſk their Pardon; and d'ye hear, ſend the Butler to me.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Butler.

Sir *Jeal.* If this Paper has a Meaning, I'll find it. Lay the Cloth in my Daughter's Chamber, and bid the Cook ſend ſupper thither preſently.

But.

Butl. Yes, Sir.—Hey-day, what's the Matter now? [*Exit.*

Sir *Jeal.* He wants the Eyes of *Argus*, that has a young handſome Daughter in this Town; but my Comfort is, I ſhall not be troubled long with her. He that pretends to rule a Girl once in her Teens, had better be at Sea in a Storm, and would be in leſs Danger;

For let him do, or counſel all he can,
She thinks and dreams of nothing elſe but Man.

[Exit.

SCENE Iſabinda's *Chamber.*

Iſabinda *and* Patch.

Iſab. Are you ſure no body ſaw you ſpeak to *Whiſper?*

Patch. Yes, very ſure, Madam: But I heard Sir *Jealous* coming down ſtairs, ſo clapt this Letter into my Pocket. [*Feels for the Letter.*

Iſab. A Letter, give it me quickly.

Patch. Bleſs me! what's become on't———I'm ſure I put it——— [*Searching ſtill.*

Iſab. Is it poſſible, thou could'ſt be ſo careleſs?——Oh! I'm undone for ever, if it be loſt.

Patch. I muſt have drop'd it upon the Stairs. But why are you ſo much alarm'd? If the worſt happens, no body can read it, Madam, nor find out whom it was deſign'd for.

Iſab. If it falls into my Father's Hands, the very Figure of a Letter will produce ill Conſequences. Run and look for it upon the Stairs this moment.

Patch. Nay, I'm ſure it can be no where elſe——[*As ſhe's going out of the Door, meets the Butler.*] How now, what do you want?

Butl. My Maſter order'd me to lay the Cloth here for his Supper.

Iſab. Ruin'd, paſt Redemption——— [*Aſide.*

Patch. You miſtake ſure; what ſhall we do?

Iſab. I thought he expected Company To-night——Oh, poor *Charles!* Oh, unfortunate *Iſabinda!*

Butl. I thought ſo too, Madam, but I ſuppoſe he has alter'd his Mind. [*Lays the Cloth, and* Exit.

Iſab. The Letter is the Cauſe; this heedleſs Action has undone me: Fly and faſten the Cloſet Window, which will give *Charles* Notice to retire. Ha, my Father! Oh Confuſion!

Enter Sir Jealous.

Sir *Jeal.* Hold, hold, *Patch*, whither are you going? I'll have no body ſtir out of the Room till after Supper.

Patch. Sir, I was going to reach your Eaſy-Chair. ——Oh, wretched Accident!

Sir *Jeal.* I'll have no body ſtir out of the Room. I don't want my Eaſy-Chair.

Iſab. What will be the Event of this? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Hark ye, Daughter; do you know this Hand?

Iſab. As I ſuſpected——Hand do you call it, Sir? 'Tis ſome School-boys Scraul.

Patch. Oh Invention! Thou Chamber-maid's beſt Friend, aſſiſt me.

Sir *Jeal.* Are you ſure you don't underſtand it?

Patch *Feels in her Boſom, and ſhakes her Coats.*

Iſab. Do you underſtand it, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* I wiſh I did.

Iſab. Thank Heaven you do not. [*Aſide.*] Then I know no more of it than you do indeed, Sir.

Patch. Oh lord, Oh lord, what have you done, Sir? Why the Paper is mine, I drop'd it out of my Boſom. [*Snatching it for him.*

Sir *Jeal.* Ha! yours, Miſtreſs.

Iſab. What does ſhe mean by owning it? [*Aſide.*

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is.

Sir *Jeal.* What is it? ſpeak.

Patch. Why, Sir, it is a Charm for the Tooth-ach—I have worn it this ſeven Year; 'twas given me by an Angel for aught I know, when I was raving with the Pain; for no body knew from whence he came, nor whither he went: He charg'd me never to open it, leſt ſome dire Vengeance befal me, and Heaven knows what will

will be the Event. Oh! cruel Misfortune, that I ſhould drop it, and you ſhould open it————If you had not open'd it———

Iſab. Excellent Wench! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Pox of your Charms and Whims for me; if that be all, 'tis well enough; there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no Vengeance will follow.

Patch. So, all's right again thus far. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. I would not loſe *Patch* for the World———I'll take Courage a little. [*Aſide.*] Is this Uſage for your Daughter, Sir? Muſt my Virtue and Conduct be ſuſpected for every Trifle? You immure me like ſome dire Offender here, and deny me all Recreations which my Sex enjoy, and the Cuſtom of the Country and Modeſty allow; yet not content with that, you make my Confinement more intolerable by your Miſtruſts and Jealouſies; wou'd I were dead, ſo I were free from this.

Sir *Jeal.* To-morrow rids you of this tireſome Load, ——*Don Diego Babinetto* will be here, and then my Care ends, and his begins.

Iſab. Is he come then? Oh how ſhall I avoid this hated Marriage? [*Aſide.*

Enter Servants with Supper.

Sir *Jeal.* Come, will you ſit down?

Iſab. I can't eat Sir.

Patch. No, I dare ſwear he has given her Supper enough. I wiſh I cou'd get into the Cloſet—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Well, if you can't eat, then give me a Song whilſt I do.

Iſab. I have ſuch a Cold I can ſcarce ſpeak, Sir, much leſs ſing. How ſhall I prevent *Charles* coming in? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* I hope you have the Uſe of your Fingers, Madam. Play a Tune upon your Spinnet, whilſt your Woman ſings me a Song.

Patch. I'm as much out of Tune as my Lady, if he knew all. [*Aſide.*

Isab. I shall make excellent Musick.

[*Sits down to play.*

Patch. Really, Sir, I'm so frighted about your opening this Charm, that I can't remember one Song.

Sir *Jeal.* Pish, hang your Charm: come, come, sing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to sing truly. [*Aside.*] humph, humph; bless me, Sir, I cannot raise my Voice, my Heart pants so.

Sir *Jeal.* Why, what does your Heart pant so, that you can't play neither? Pray what Key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, wou'd the Key was turn'd of you once.

[*Aside.*

Sir *Jeal.* Why don't you sing, I say?

Patch. When Madam has put her Spinnet in Tune, Sir, humph; humph———

Isab. I cannot play, Sir, whatever ails me. [*Rising.*

Sir *Jeal.* Zounds sit down and play me a Tune, or I'll break the Spinnet about your Ears.

Isab. What will become of me? [*Sits down and plays.*

Sir *Jeal.* Come Mistress. [*To* Patch.

Patch. Yes, Sir, [*Sings, but horridly out of Tune.*

Sir *Jeal.* Hey, hey, why you are a-top of the House, and you are down in the Cellar. What is the Meaning of this? Is it on purpose to cross me, ha?

Patch. Pray Madam, take it a little lower, I cannot reach that Note———Nor any Note, I fear.

Isab. Well, begin—Oh! *Patch*, we shall be discover'd,

Patch. I sink with the Apprehension, Madam——— humph, humph———[*Sings.*]

[Charles *pulls open the Closet Door.*

Cha. Musick and Singing.

'Tis thus the bright Cælestial Court above
Beguiles the Hours with Musick and with Love.

Death! her Father there; [*The Women shriek.*] then I must fly——[Exit. *into the Closet.*] [*Sir* Jealous *rises up hastily seeing* Charles *slip back into the Closet.*

Sir *Jeal.* Hell and Furies, a Man in the Closet!——

Patch

Patch. Ah! a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt——he muſt not enter the Cloſet—— [Iſabinda *throws herſelf down before the Cloſet-Door, as in a Swoon.*

Sir *Jeal.* The Devil! I'll make a Ghoſt of him I warrant you. [*Strives to get by.*

Patch. Oh hold, Sir, have a care you'll tread upon my Lady——Who waits there? Bring ſome Water: Oh! this comes of your opening the Charm: Oh, oh, oh, oh. [*Weeps aloud.*

Sir *Jeal.* I'll charm you, Houſe-wife, here lies the Charm that conjur'd this Fellow in, I'm ſure on't; come out you Raſcal, do ſo: Zounds take her from the Door, or I'll ſpurn her from it, and break your Neck down Stairs.

Iſab. Oh, oh, where am I—He's gone, I heard him leap down. [*Aſide to* Patch.

Patch. Nay, then let him enter—here, here Madam, ſmell to this; come give me your Hand; come nearer to the Window, the Air will do you good.

Sir *Jeal.* I wou'd ſhe were in her Grave. Where are you, Sirrah? Villain, Robber of my Honour! I'll pull you out of your Neſt. [*Goes into the Cloſet.*

Patch. You'll be miſtaken, old Gentleman, the Bird is flown.

Iſab. I'm glad I have 'ſcap'd ſo well. I was almoſt dead in earneſt with the Fright.

Re-enter Sir Jealous *out of the Cloſet.*

Sir *Jeal.* Whoever the Dog were, he has eſcap'd out of the Window, for the Saſh is up. But tho' he is got out of my Reach, you are not: And firſt, Mrs. *Pander*, with your Charms for the Tooth-ach, get out of my Houſe, go, troop; yet hold, ſtay, I'll ſee you out of my Doors myſelf, but I'll ſecure your Charge e'er I go.

Iſab. What do you mean, Sir? Was ſhe not a Creature of your own providing?

Sir *Jeal.* She was of the Devil's providing for aught I know.

Patch. What have I done, Sir, to merit your Diſpleaſure?

Sir

Sir *Jeal.* I don't know which of you have done it; but you ſhall both ſuffer for it, till I can diſcover whoſe Guilt it is: Go, get in there, I'll move you from this Side of the Houſe [*Puſhes* Iſabinda *in at the other Door, and locks it; puts the Key in his Pocket.*] I'll keep the Key myſelf: I'll try what Ghoſt will get into that Room. And now forſooth I'll wait on you down Stairs.

Patch. Ah, my poor Lady—Down Stairs, Sir; but I won't go out, Sir, till I have look'd up my Clothes.

Sir *Jeal.* If thou wer't as naked as thou wer't born, thou ſhould'ſt not ſtay to put on a Smock. Come along, I ſay; when your Miſtreſs is marry'd, you ſhall have your Rags, and every thing that belongs to you; but till then——— [Exit, *pulling her out.*

Patch. Oh! barbarous Uſage for nothing!

Re-enter at the lower end.

Sir *Jeal.* There, go, and come no more within ſight of my Habitation, theſe three Days, I charge you.

[*Slaps the Door after her.*

Patch. Did ever any body ſee ſuch an old Monſter?

Enter Charles.

Patch. Oh! Mr. *Charles*, your Affairs and mine are in a and ill Poſture.

Cha. I am enur'd to the Frowns of Fortune: But what has befaln thee?

Patch. Sir *Jealous*, whoſe ſuſpicious Nature's always on the Watch; nay, even while one Eye ſleeps, the other keeps Centinel: upon ſight of you, flew into ſuch a violent Paſſion, that I cou'd find no Stratagem to appeaſe him; but in ſpight of all Arguments, lock'd his Daughter into his own Apartment, and turn'd me out of doors.

Cha. Ha! oh, *Iſabinda!*

Patch. And ſwears ſhe ſhall neither ſee Sun or Moon, till ſhe is *Don Diego Babinetto*'s Wife, who arriv'd laſt Night, and is expected with Impatience.

Cha. He dies; yes, by all the Wrongs of Love he ſhall here will I plant myſelf, and thro' my Breaſt he ſhall make his Paſſage, if he enters.

Patch

Patch. A moſt heroick Reſolution. There might be ways found out more to your Advantage. Policy is often preferr'd to open Force.

Cha. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of perſonating this *Spaniard*, impoſing upon the Father, and marrying your Miſtreſs by his own Conſent?

Cha. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Angel! Oh cou'd that be done, my Life to come wou'd be too ſhort to recompenſe thee: But how can I do that, when I neither know what Ship he came in, nor from what part of *Spain*; who recommends him, nor how attended?

Patch. I can ſolve all this. He is from *Madrid*, his Father's Name *Don Pedro Queſto Portento Babinetto*. Here's a Letter of his to Sir *Jealous*, which he dropt one day; you underſtand *Spaniſh*, and the Hand may be counterfeited. You conceive me, Sir?

Cha. My better Genius, thou haſt reviv'd my drooping Soul: I'll about it inſtantly. Come to my Lodgings, and we'll concert Matters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Garden Gate open*, Scentwell *waiting within.*

Enter Sir George Airy.

Sir *Geo.* So this is the Gate, and moſt invit'ngly open: If there ſhou'd be a Blunderbuſs here now, what a dreadful Ditty would my Fall make for Fools; and what a Jeſt for the Wits! how my Name wou'd be roar'd about Streets! Well, I'll venture all.

Scentw. Hiſt, hiſt! Sir *George Airy*——— [*Enters.*

Sir *Geo.* A Female Voice! thus far I'm ſafe, my Dear.

Scentw. No, I'm not your Dear, but I'll conduct you to her; give me your Hand; you muſt go thro' many a dark Paſſage and dirty Step before you arrive———

Sir *Geo.* I know I muſt before I arrive at Paradiſe; therefore be quick my charming Guide.

Scentw. For aught you know; come, come, your Hand and away.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* Here, here Child, you can't be half ſo ſwift as my Deſires. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Houſe.*

Enter Miranda.

Miran. Well, let me reaſon a little with my mad ſelf. Now don't I tranſgreſs all Rules to venture upon a Man without the Advice of the grave and wiſe? But then a rigid knaviſh Guardian, who would have marry'd me! To whom? Even to his nauſeous ſelf, or no body. Sir *George* is what I have try'd in converſation, inquir'd into his Character, am ſatisfied in both. Then his Love! Who wou'd have given a hundred Pound only to have ſeen a Woman he had not infinitely loved? So I find my liking him has furniſh'd me with Arguments enough of his ſide; and now the only Doubt remains, whether he will come or no.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. That's reſolv'd, Madam, for here's the Knight. [*Exit* Scentwell.

Sir *Geo.* And do I once more behold that lovely Object, whoſe Idea fills my Mind, and forms my pleaſing Dreams!

Miran. What, beginning again in Heroicks!——Sir *George*, don't you remember how little Fruit your laſt prodigal Oration produc'd? not one bare ſingle Word in Anſwer.

Sir *Geo.* Ha! the Voice of my *Incognita*——Why did you take ten thouſand Ways to captivate a Heart your Eyes alone had vanquiſh'd.

Miran. Prithee, no more of theſe Flights; for our Time's but ſhort, and we muſt fall into Buſineſs: Do you think we can agree on that ſame terrible Bugbear, *Matrimony*, without heartily repenting on both ſides?

Sir *Geo.* It has been my Wiſh ſince firſt my longing Eyes beheld ye.

Miran. And your happy Ears drank in the pleaſing News, I had Thirty thouſand Pound.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* Unkind! Did I not offer you in thoſe purchas'd Minutes to run the Riſk of your Fortune, ſo you wou'd but ſecure that lovely Perſon to my Arms?

Miran. Well, if you have ſuch Love and Tenderneſs, (ſince our wooing has been ſhort) pray reſerve it for our future Days, to let the World ſee we are Lovers after Wedlock; 'twill be a Novelty———

Sir *Geo.* Haſte then, and let us tie the Knot, and prove the envy'd Pair———

Miran. Hold! not ſo faſt; I have provided better than to venture on dangerous Experiments headlong—— My Guardian, truſting to my diſſembled Love, has given up my Fortune to my own Diſpoſe; but with this Proviſo, that he To-morrow Morning weds me. He is now gone to *Doctors-Commons* for a Licence.

Sir *Geo.* Ha, a Licence!

Miran. But I have planted Emiſſaries that infallibly take him down to *Epſom*, under pretence that a Brother Uſurer of his, is to make him his Executor; the thing on Earth he covets.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis his known Character.

Miran. Now my Inſtruments confirm him this Man is dying, and he ſends me Word he goes this Minute; it muſt be To-morrow e'er he can be undeceiv'd. That Time is ours.

Sir *Geo.* Let us improve it then, and ſettle on our coming Years, endleſs, endleſs Happineſs.

Miran. I dare not ſtir till I hear he's on the Road—— then I and my Writings, the moſt material Point, are ſoon remov'd.

Sir *Geo.* I have one Favour to aſk, if it lies in your power, you wou'd be a Friend to poor *Charles*, tho' the Son of this tenacious Man: he is as free from all his Vices, as Nature and a good Education can make him; and what now I have Vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the Man on Earth I love.

Miran. I never was his Enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my Deſigns on his Father. If his Uncle's Eſtate ought to be in his Poſſeſſion, which I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, I may do him a ſingular piece of Service.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* You are all Goodneſs.

Enter Scentwell.

Scent. Oh, Madam, my Maſter and Mr. *Marplot* are juſt coming into the Houſe.

Miran. Undone, undone, if he finds you here in this Criſis, all my Plots are unravell'd.

Sir *Geo.* What ſhall I do! can't I get back into the Garden?

Scentw. Oh, no! he comes up thoſe Stairs.

Miran. Here, here, here! can you condeſcend to ſtand behind this Chimney-Board, Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.* Any where, any where, dear Madam, without Ceremony.

Scentw. Come, come, Sir; lie cloſe———

[*They put him behind the Chimney-board.*

Enter Sir Francis *and* Marplot; Sir Francis *peeling an Orange.*

Sir *Fran.* I cou'd not go, though 'tis upon Life and Death, without taking leave of dear *Chargee.* Beſides this Fellow buzz'd into my Ears, that thou might'ſt be ſo deſperate to ſhoot that wild Rake which haunts the Garden-gate; and that would bring us into Trouble, Dear———

Miran. So *Marplot* brought you back then: I am oblig'd to him for that, I'm ſure———

[*Frowning at* Marplot *aſide.*

Marpl. By her Looks ſhe means ſhe is not oblig'd to me: I have done ſome Miſchief now, but what, I can't imagine.

Sir *Fran.* Well, *Chargee*, I have had three Meſſengers to come to *Epſom* to my Neighbour *Squeezum*'s, who, for all his vaſt Riches, is departing. [*Sighs.*

Marpl. Ay, ſee what all you Uſurers muſt come to.

Sir *Fran.* Peace, ye young Knave! Some forty Years hence I may think on't———But, *Chargee*, I'll be with thee To-morrow, before thoſe pretty Eyes are open; I will, I will, *Chargee*, I'll rouſe you, i'faith.——Here Mrs. *Scentwell*, lift up your Lady's Chimney-board, that I may throw my Peel in, and not litter her Chamber.

Miran.

Miran. Oh my Stars! what will become of us now?

Scentw. Oh, pray Sir, give it me; I love it above all Things in Nature, indeed I do.

Sir *Fran.* No, no, Huffy; you have the Green-Pip already, I'll have no more Apothecary's Bills.

[*Goes towards the Chimney.*

Miran. Hold, hold, hold, dear *Gardee*, I have a, a, a, a, a, Monkey, ſhut up there; and if you open it before the Man comes that is to tame it, 'tis ſo wild 'twill break all my China, or get away, and that would break my Heart; for I am fond on't to Diſtraction, next thee, dear *Gardee*. [*In a flattering Tone.*

Sir *Fran.* Well, well, *Chargee*, I won't open it; ſhe ſhall have her Monkey, poor Rogue; here throw this Peel out of the Window. [*Exit* Scentwell.

Marpl. A Monkey, dear Madam, let me ſee it; I can tame a Monkey as well as the beſt of them all. Oh how I love the little Miniatures of Man!

Miran. Be quiet Miſchief and ſtand farther from the Chimney——You ſhall not ſee my Monkey——why are——

[*Striving with him.*

Marpl. For Heav'ns ſake, dear Madam, let me but peep, to ſee if it be as pretty, as my Lady *Fiddle-Faddle's*. Has it got a Chain?

Miran. Not yet, but I deſign it one ſhall laſt its Lifetime: Nay, you ſhall not ſee it——Look, *Gardee*, how he teazes me!

Sir *Fran.* [*Getting between him and the Chimney.*] Sirrah, Sirrah, let my *Chargee's* Monkey alone, or *Bambo* ſhall fly about your Ears. What is there no dealing with you?

Marpl. Pugh, pox of the Monkey! here's a Rout: I wiſh he may rival you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, they put two more Horſes in the Coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the Door.

Sir *Fran.* Well, I am going to be Executor, better for me, Jewel. B'ye *Chargee*, one Buſs!——I'm glad thou haſt got a Monkey to divert thee a little.

Miran.

Miran. Thank'e, dear *Gardee*——Nay, I'll ſee you to the Coach.

Sir *Fran.* That's kind, adod.

Miran. Come along, Impertinence. [*To* Marplot.

Marpl. [*Stepping back.*] Egad, I will ſee the Monkey now, [*Lifts up the Board, and diſcovers Sir* George.] Oh Lord, O Lord! Thieves, Thieves, Murder!

Sir *Geo.* Dam'e, you unlucky Dog! 'tis I; which way ſhall I get out? ſhew me inſtantly, or I'll cut your Throat.

Marpl. Undone, undone! At that Door there. But hold, hold, break that China, and I'll bring you off.

[*He runs off at the Corner, and throws down ſome China.*

Re-enter Sir Francis, Miranda, *and* Scentwell.

Sir *Fran.* Mercy on me! What's the matter?

Miran. Oh you Toad! what have you done?

Marpl. No great harm, I beg of you to forgive me: Longing to ſee the Monkey, I did but juſt raiſe up the Board, and it flew over my ſhoulders, ſcratch'd all my Face, broke you China, and whiſk'd out of the Window.

Sir *Fran.* Was ever ſuch an unlucky Rogue! Sirrah, I forbid you my Houſe. Call the Servants to get the Monkey again; I wou'd ſtay myſelf to look it, but that you know my earneſt Buſineſs.

Scentw. Oh my Lady will be the beſt to lure it back; all them Creatures love my Lady extremely.

Miran. Go, go, dear *Gardee*, I hope I ſhall recove it.

Sir *Fran.* B'ye, b'ye, Dear'e. Ah, Miſchief, how yo look now! B'ye, b'ye. [*Exi*

Miran. Scentwell, ſee him in the Coach, and bring m Word.

Scentw. Yes, Madam.

Miran. So, Sir, you have done your Friend a ſign Piece of Service, I ſuppoſe.

Marpl. Why look you, Madam! if I have committ a Fault, thank your ſelf; no Man is more ſerviceab when I am let into a Secret, nor none more unlucky finding it out. Who cou'd divine your Meaning, wh you talk'd of a Blunderbuſs, who thought of a Rende

vou

vous? And when you talk'd of a Monkey, who the Devil dreamt of Sir *George?*

Miran. A ſign you converſe but little with our Sex, when you can't reconcile Contradictions.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. He's gone, Madam, as faſt as the Coach and Six can carry him.

Enter Sir George.

Sir *Geo.* Then I may appear.

Marpl. Dear, Sir *George*, make my Peace! On my Soul, I did not think of you.

Sir *Geo.* I dare ſwear thou didſt not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

Miran. Well, Sir *George*, if he can be ſecret.

Marpl. Ods heart, Madam, I'm as ſecret as a Prieſt when I'm truſted.

Sir *Geo.* Why 'tis with a Prieſt our Buſineſs is at preſent.

Scentw. Madam, here's Mrs. *Iſabinda*'s Woman to wait on you.

Miran. Bring her up.

Enter Patch.

How do'e Mrs. *Patch?* What News from your Lady?

Patch. That's for your private Ear, Madam. Sir *George*, there's a Friend of yours has an urgent Occaſion for your Aſſiſtance.

Sir *Geo.* His Name.

Patch. Charles.

Marpl. Ha! then there's ſomething a-foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, Sir *George.*

Sir *Geo.* A third Perſon may not be proper, perhaps; as ſoon as I have diſpatch'd my own Affairs, I am at his Service. I'll ſend my Servant to tell him I'll wait upon him in half an Hour.

Miran. How come you employ'd in this Meſſage, Mrs. *Patch?*

Patch.

Patch. Want of Buſineſs, Madam; I am diſcharg'd by my Maſter, but hope to ſerve my Lady ſtill.

Miran. How! diſcharg'd! you muſt tell me thee whole Story within.

Patch. With all my Heart, Madam.

Marpl. Piſh! Pox, I wiſh I were fairly out of the Houſe. I find Marriage is the End of this Secret: And now I am half mad to know what *Charles* wants him for. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Madam I'm doubly preſs'd, by Love and Friendſhip: This Exigence admits of no Delay. Shall we make *Marplot* of the Party?

Miran. If you'll run the Hazard, Sir *George*; I believe he means well.

Marpl. Nay, nay, for my part, I deſire to be let into nothing; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't miſtruſt me. [*Going.*

Sir *Geo.* So, now he has a mind to be gone to *Charles*: But not knowing what Affairs he may have upon his hands at preſent, I'm reſolv'd he ſhan't ſtir: No, Mr. *Marplot*, you muſt not leave us, we want a third Perſon. [*Takes hold of him.*

Marpl. I never had more mind to be gone in my Life.

Miran. Come along then; if we fail in the Voyage, thank your ſelf for taking this ill-ſtarr'd Gentleman on board.

Sir Geo. *That Veſſel ne'er can unſucceſsful prove,*
Whoſe Freight is Beauty, and whoſe Pilot Love.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Miranda, Patch, *and* Scentwell.

Miran. WELL, *Patch*, I have done a ſtrange bold thing; my Fate is determin'd, and Expectation is no more. Now to avoid the Impertinence and Roguery of an old Man, I have thrown myſelf into the Extravagance of a young one; if he ſhould deſpiſe, ſlight or uſe me ill, there's no Remedy from a Husband but the Grave; and that's a terrible Sanctuary to one of my Age and Conſtitution.

Patch. O fear not, Madam, you'll find your Account in Sir *George Airy*; it is impoſſible a Man of Senſe ſhou'd uſe a Woman ill, endued with Beauty, Wit and Fortune. It muſt be the Lady's Fault, if ſhe does not wear the unfaſhionable Name of Wife eaſy, when nothing but Complaiſance and Good-humour is requiſite on either ſide to make them happy.

Miran. I long till I am out of this Houſe, leſt any Accident ſhou'd bring my Guardian back. *Scentwell*, put my beſt Jewels into the little Casket, ſlip them into thy Pocket, and let us march off to Sir *Jealous*'s.

Scent. It ſhall be done, Madam. [*Exit* Scentwell.

Patch. Sir *George* will be impatient, Madam; if their Plot ſucceeds, we ſhall be well receiv'd; if not, he will be able to proteſt us. Beſides, I long to know how my young Lady fares.

Miran. Farewel, old *Mammon*, and thy deteſted Walls; 'twill be no more ſweet Sir *Francis*, I ſhall be compell'd to the odious Taſk of Diſſembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling Names of my *Precious*, my *Dear*, dear *Gardee*. O Heavens!

Enter

Enter Sir Francis *behind.*

Sir *Fran.* Ah, my ſweet *Chargee*, don't be frighted. [*She ſtarts.*] But thy poor *Gardee* has been abus'd, cheated, fool'd, betray'd, but no body knows by whom.

Miran. Undone! paſt Redemption. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* What won't you ſpeak to me, *Chargee?*

Miran. I am ſo ſurpriz'd with Joy to ſee you, I know not what to ſay.

Sir *Fran.* Poor dear Girl! But do'e know that my Son, or ſome ſuch Rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contriv'd this Journey? For upon the Road I met my Neighbour *Squeezum* well, and coming to Town.

Miran. Good lack! good lack! what Tricks are there in this World!

Enter Scentwell, *with a Diamond Necklace in her Hand; not ſeeing Sir* Francis.

Scentw. Madam, be pleas'd to tie this Necklace on, for I can't get it into the——— [*Seing Sir* Francis.

Miran. The Wench is a Fool, I think! cou'd you not have carried it to be mended, without putting it in the Box?

Sir *Fran.* What's the matter;

Miran. Only Dear'e, I bid her, I bid her——Your ill Uſage has put every thing out of my Head. But won't you go, *Gardee*, and find out theſe Fellows, and have them puniſh'd? and, and———

Sir *Fran.* Where ſhou'd I look them, Child? No, I'll ſit me down contented with my Safety, nor ſtir out of my own Doors, till I go with thee to a Parſon.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] If he goes into his Cloſet, I am ruin'd. Oh! Bleſs me, in this Fright, I had forgot Mrs. *Patch.*

Patch. Ay, Madam, and I ſtay for your ſpeedy Anſwer.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] I muſt get him out of the Houſe. Now aſſiſt me, Fortune.

Sir *Fran.* Mrs. *Patch?* I profeſs I did not ſee you. How doſt thou do, Mrs. *Patch?* Well, don't you repent leaving my *Chargee?*

Patch

Patch. Yes, every body muſt love her——but I ame now——Madam, what did I come for? My In- vention is at the laſt Ebb. [*Aſide to* Miranda.

Sir *Fran.* Nay, never whiſper, tell me.

Miran. She came, dear *Gardee*, to invite me to her Lady's Wedding, and you ſhall go with me, *Gardee*, 'tis o be done this Moment, to a *Spaniſh* Merchant: Old ir *Jealous* keeps on his Humour, the firſt Minute he ees her, the next he marries her.

Sir *Franc.* Ha, ha, ha, I'd go if I thought the ſight of Matrimony wou'd tempt *Chargee* to perform her Pro- miſe: There was a Smile, there was a conſenting Look ith thoſe pretty Twinklers, worth a Million. Ods- recious, I am happier than the Great *Mogul*, the Em- eror of *China*, or all the Potentates that are not in Vars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my kin.

Miran. When one has reſolv'd, 'tis in vain to ſtand, all I, ſhall I; if ever I marry, poſitively this is my Vedding-day.

Sir *Fran.* Oh! happy, happy Man——Verily I ill beget a Son the firſt Night, ſhall diſinherit that og *Charles*. I have Eſtate enough to purchaſe a Ba- ny, and be the immortalizing the whole Family of the ipes.

Miran. Come then, *Gardee*, give me thy Hand, let's this Houſe of *Hymen*.

My Choice is fixt, let Good or Ill betide.

Sir Fran. *The joyful Bridegroom I,*

Miran. *And I the happy Bride.* [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Jealous, *meeting a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, here's a couple of Gentlemen enquire for ; one of them calls himſelf *Seignior Diego Babinetto.*

Sir *Jeal.* Ha! *Seignior Babinetto!* Admit 'em inſtant- ——Joyful Minute; I'll have my Daughter marry'd night.

Enter

Enter Charles *in a* Spanish *Habit, with Sir* George *dress'd like a Merchant.*

Sir Jeal. *Senior, beso las Manos vuestra merced es muy bien venido en esta tierra.*

Cha. *Senhor, soy muy humilde, y muy obligado Criado de vuestra merced: Mi Padre embia a vuestra merced, las mas profundas de sus respetos; y a Commissionado este Mercadel Ingles, de concluyr un negocio, que me Haze el mas dichoso hombre del mundo, Haviendo me su yerno.*

Sir *Jeal.* I am glad on't, for I find I have loſt much of my *Spaniſh.* Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto* has informed me that you are commiſſion'd by *Seignior Don Pedro*, &c. his worthy Father.

Sir *Geo.* To ſee an Affair of Marriage conſummated between a Daughter of yours and *Seignior Diego Babinetto* his Son here. True, Sir, ſuch a Truſt is repos'd in me, as that Letter will inform you. I hope 'twill paſs upon him. [*Aſide.* [*Gives him a Letter.*

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, 'tis his Hand. [*Seems to read.*

Sir *Geo.* Good——you have counterfeited to a Nicety. [*Aſide to* Charles.

Cha. If the whole Plot ſucceeds as well, I'm happy.

Sir *Jeal.* Sir I find by this, that you are a Man of Honour and Probity; I think Sir, he calls you *Meanwell.*

Sir *Geo. Meanwell* is my Name, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* A very good Name, and very ſignificant. [*Aſide.*

Cha. Yes Faith, if he knew all.

Sir *Jeal.* For to mean well is to be honeſt, and to be honeſt is the Virtue of a Friend, and a Friend is the Light and Support of Human Society.

Sir *Geo.* You ſhall find that I'll diſcharge the part of a Friend in what I have undertaken, Sir *Jealous.*

Cha. But little does he think to whom. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Therefore, Sir, I muſt intreat the Preſence of your fair Daughter, and the Aſſiſtance of your Chaplain; for *Seignior Don Pedro* ſtrictly enjoin'd me to have the Marriage-Rites perform'd as ſoon as we ſhould arrive, to avoid the accidental Overtures of *Venus.*

Sir *Jeal.* Overtures of *Venus!*

Sir *Geo.* Ay, Sir, that is, thoſe little Hawking Females that traverſe the Park, and the Play-Houſe, to put off their damag'd Ware——they faſten upon Foreigners like Leeches, and watch their Arrival as carefully, as the *Kentiſh* Men do a Ship-wreck. I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir *Jeal.* Nay, I know this Town ſwarms with them.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, and then you know the *Spaniards* are naturally Amorous, but very Conſtant, the firſt Face fixes 'em; and it may be dangerous to let him ramble 'er he is tied.

Cha. Well hinted. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Pat to my Purpoſe——Well, Sir, there is but one thing more, and they ſhall be married inſtantly.

Cha. Pray Heaven that one thing more don't ſpoil all. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal. Don Pedro* writ me Word in his laſt but one, that he deſign'd the Sum of Five thouſand Crowns by way of Jointure for my Daughter; and that it ſhou'd be paid into my Hand upon the Day of Marriage.

Cha. Oh! the Devil. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* In order to lodge it in ſome of our Funds, in caſe ſhe ſhould become a Widow, and return for *England.*

Sir *Geo.* Pox on't, this is an unlucky Turn. What ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* And he does not mention one Word of it in his Letter.

Cha. I don't know how he ſhould.

Sir *Geo.* Humph! True, Sir *Jealous*, he told me ſuch a thing, but, but, but, but——he, he, he, he——he did not imagine that you wou'd inſiſt upon the very Day; for, for, for Money you know is dangerous returning by Sea, an, an, an, an——

Cha. Zounds, ſay we have brought it in Commodities. [*Aſide to Sir* George.

Sir *Geo.* And ſo, Sir, he has ſent it in Merchandize, Wine, *Sugars*, *Spices*, *Lemons*, and ſo forth, which ſhall be turn'd into Money with all expedition: In the mean

time, Sir, if you please to accept of my Bond for Performance.

Sir *Jeal.* It is enough, Sir; I am so pleas'd with the Countenance of *Seignior Diego*, and the Harmony of your Name, that I'll take your Word, and will fetch my Daughter this Moment. Within there! [*Enter Servant*] desire Mr. *Tackum*, my Neighbour's Chaplain to walk hither. [*Exit.*

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* Gentlemen, I'll return in an Instant. [*Exit.*

Cha. Wondrous well, let me embrace thee.

Sir *Geo.* Egad that 5000 *l.* had like to have ruin'd the Plot.

Cha. But that's over! And if Fortune throws no more Rubs in our way———

Sir *Geo.* Thou'lt carry the Prize———But hist, here he comes.

Enter Sir Jealous, *dragging in* Isabinda.

Sir *Jeal.* Come along, you stubborn Baggage you, come along.

Isab. Oh, hear me, Sir! hear me but speak one Word!
Do not destroy my everlasting Peace:
My Soul abhors this *Spaniard* you have chose,
Nor can I wed him without being curst.

Sir *Jeal.* How's that!

Isab. Let this Posture move your tender Nature. [*Kneels.*
For ever will I hang upon these Knees:
Nor loose my Hands till you cut off my Hold.
If you refuse to hear me, Sir.

Cha. Oh! that I cou'd discover myself to her! [*Aside.*

Sir *Geo.* Have a care what you do. You had best trust to his Obstinacy. [*Aside.*

Sir *Jeal.* Did you ever see such a perverse Slut? O fy, fy, Mr. *Meanwell*, pray help me a little.

Sir *Geo.* Rise, Madam, and do not disoblige your Father, who has provided a Husband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his Soul, and one that you will love, when once you know him.

Isab. Oh! never, never. Cou'd I suspect that Falshood in my Heart, I would this Moment tear it from my Breast, and streight present him with the treacherous Part.

Cha. Oh! my charming faithful Dear. [*Aside.*

Sir *Jeal.* Falshood! Why, who the Devil are you in love with? Don't provoke me, for by St. *Iago* I shall beat you, Huswife.

Cha. Heaven forbid; for I shall infallibly discover myself if he should. [*Aside.*

Sir *Geo.* Have Patience, Madam! and look at him: Why will ye prepossess yourself against a Man that is Master of all the Charms you would desire in a Husband?

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, look at him, *Isabinda*; *Senior pase vind adelante.*

Cha. My Heart bleeds to see her grieve, whom I imagin'd would with Joy receive me. *Seniora obligue me vuestra merced de se mano.*

Sir *Jeal.* [*Pulling up her Head.*] Hold up your Head, hold up your Head, Huswife, and look at him: Is there a properer, handsomer, better-shap'd Fellow in *England*, ye Jade you? Ha! see, see the obstinate Baggage shuts her Eyes; by St. *Iago*, I have a good mind to beat 'em out. [*Pushes her down.*

Isab. Do, then, Sir, kill me, kill me instantly.
'Tis much the kinder Action of the Two;
For 'twill be worse than Death to wed him.

Sir *Geo.* Sir *Jealous*, you are too passionate. Give me leave, I'll try by gentle Words to work her to your Purpose.

Sir *Jeal.* I pray do, Mr. *Meanwell*, I pray do; she'll break my Heart. [*Weeps*] There is in that, Jewels of the Value of 3000 *l.* which were her Mother's, and a Paper wherein I have settled one half of my Estate upon her now, and the whole when I die; but provided she marries this Gentleman; else by St. *Iago* I'll turn her out of Doors to beg or starve. Tell her this, Mr. *Meanwell*, pray do. [*Walks off.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! this is beyond Expectation—Truſt to me, Sir, I'll lay the dangerous Conſequence of diſobeying you at this Juncture before her, I warrant you.

Cha. A ſudden Joy runs tho' my Heart like a propitious Omen. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Come, Madam, do not blindly caſt your Life away juſt in the Moment you would wiſh to ſave it.

Iſab. Pray, ceaſe your Trouble, Sir; I have no Wiſh but ſudden Death to free me from this hated *Spaniard.* If you are his Friend, inform him what I ſay; my Heart is given to another Youth, whom I love with the ſame ſtrength of Paſſion that I hate this *Diego*; with whom, if I am forc'd to wed, my own Hand ſhall cut the Gordian Knot.

Sir *Geo.* Suppoſe this *Spaniard*, which you ſtrive to ſhun, ſhould be the very Man to whom you'd fly?

Iſab. Ha!

Sir *Geo.* Would you not blame your raſh Reſolve, and curſe your Eyes that would not look on *Charles?*

Iſab. On *Charles!* Oh, you have inſpired new Life, and collected every wandring Senſe. Where is he? Oh! let me fly into his Arms. [*Riſes.*

Sir *Geo.* Hold, hold, hold. 'Sdeath, Madam, you'll ruin all; your Father believes him to be *Seignior Babinetto*: Compoſe yourſelf a little, pray Madam.

[*He runs to Sir* Jealous.

Cha. Her Eyes declare ſhe knows me. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* She begins to hear Reaſon, Sir; the fear of being turn'd out of Doors has done it.

[*Runs back to* Iſabinda.

Iſab. 'Tis he, Oh! my raviſh'd ſoul!

Sir *Geo.* Take heed, Madam, you don't betray yourſelf. Seem with Reluctance to conſent, or you are undone; [*Runs to Sir* Jealous] ſpeak gently to her, Sir, I'm ſure ſhe'll yield, I ſee it in her Face.

Sir *Jeal.* Well, *Iſabinda*, can you refuſe to bleſs a Father, whoſe only care is to make you happy, as Mr. *Meanwell* has inform'd you? Come, wipe thy Eyes; nay prithee do, or thou wilt break thy Father's Heart: See, thou bring'ſt

bring'ſt the Tears in mine, to think of thy undutiful Carriage to me. [*Weeps.*

Iſab. Oh! do not weep, Sir, your Tears are like a Ponyard to my Soul; do with me what you pleaſe, I am all Obedience.

Sir *Jeal.* Ha! then thou art my Child again.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis done, and now, Friend, the Day's thy own.

Cha. The happieſt of my Life, if nothing intervene.

Sir *Jeal.* And wilt thou love him?

Iſab. I will endeavour it, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is Mr. *Tackum.*

Sir *Jeal.* Shew him into the Parlour,——*Senior tome vind ſueipora; cette Momento les junitta les Manos.* [*Gives her to* Charles.

Cha. Oh Tranſport!——*Senior yo la recibo Como ſe drue un Teſoro tan Grande.* Oh! my Joy, my Life, my Soul. [*Embrace.*

Iſab. My faithful everlaſting Comfort.

Sir *Jeal.* Now, Mr. *Meanwell*, let's to the Parſon,

Who, by his Art, will join this Pair for Life,
Make me the happieſt Father, her the happieſt Wife.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *Changes to the Street before* Sir Jealous's *Door.*

Enter Marplot, *Solus.*

Marpl. I have hunted all over the Town for *Charles*, but can't find him; and by *Whiſper*'s ſcouting at the End of the Street, I ſuſpect he muſt be in the Houſe again. I am inform'd too, that he has borrowed a *Spaniſh* Habit out of the *Play-houſe*: What can it mean?

Enter a Servant of Sir Jealous's *to him, out of the House.*

Hark'e, Sir, do you belong to this House?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Marpl. Pray can you tell if there be a Gentleman in it in *Spaniſh* Habit?

Serv. There is a *Spaniſh* Gentleman within, that is juſt a going to marry my young Lady, Sir.

Marpl. Are you ſure he is a *Spaniſh* Gentleman?

Serv. I'm ſure he ſpeaks no *Engliſh*, that I hear of.

Marpl. Then that can't be him I want; for 'tis an *Engliſh* Gentleman, tho' I ſuppoſe he may be dreſs'd like a *Spaniard*, that I enquire after.

Serv. Ha! Who knows but this may be an Impoſtor? I'll inform my Maſter; for if he ſhou'd be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Aſide.*] Pray, come in, Sir, and ſee if this be the Perſon you enquire for.

SCENE *Changes to the Inſide of the Houſe.*

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. So, this was a good Contrivance: If this be *Charles*, now will he wonder how I found him out.

Enter Servant and Sir Jealous.

Sir *Jeal.* What is your earneſt Buſineſs, Blockhead that you muſt ſpeak with me before the Ceremony's paſt. Ha! who's this?

Serv. Why this Gentleman, Sir, wants another Gentleman in *Spaniſh* Habit, he ſays.

Sir *Jeal.* In *Spaniſh* Habit! 'tis ſome Friend of *Seignior Don Diego's*, I warrant. Sir, I ſuppoſe you wou'd ſpeak with *Seignior Babinetto*——

Marpl. Hey-day! what the Devil does he ſay now!—Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Sir *Jeal.* Don't you underſtand *Spaniſh*, Sir?

Marpl. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* I thought you had known *Signior Babinetto.*

Marpl. Not I, upon my Word, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* What then, you'd ſpeak with his Friend, the *Engliſh* Merchant Mr *Meanwell?*

Marpl. Neither, Sir, not I.

Sir *Jeal.* Why, who are you then, Sir? And what do you want? [*In an angry Tone.*

Marpl. Nay, nothing at all, not I, Sir. Pox on him! I wiſh I were out; he begins to exalt his Voice, I ſhall be beaten again.

Sir *Jeal.* Nothing at all, Sir! Why, then, what Buſineſs have you in my Houſe? ha?

Serv. You ſaid you wanted a Gentleman in *Spaniſh* Habit.

Marpl. Why, ay, but his Name is neither *Babinetto*, nor *Meanwell.*

Sir *Jeal.* What is his Name, then, Sirrah? ha? Now I look at you again, I believe you are the Rogue that threatned me with half a dozen Myrmidons——Speak, Sir, who is it you look for? or, or——

Marpl. A terrible old Dog!——Why, Sir, only an honeſt young Fellow of my Acquaintance——I thought that here might be a Ball, and that he might have been here in a Maſquerade; 'tis *Charles*, Sir *Francis Gripe*'s Son, becauſe I know he us'd to come hither ſometimes.

Sir *Jeal.* Did he ſo?—Not that I know of, I'm ſure. Pray Heaven that this be *Don Diego*——If I ſhou'd be trick'd now——Ha! my Heart miſgives me plaguily——Within there! ſtop the Marriage——Run, Sirrah, call all my Servants! I'll be ſatisfied that this is *Seignior Pedro*'s Son, e'er he has my Daughter.

Marpl. Ha, Sir *George!* what have I done now?

Enter Sir George *with a drawn Sword between the Scenes.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! *Marplot* here——Oh the unlucky Dog——What's the Matter, Sir *Jealous?*

Sir *Jeal.* Nay, I don't know the Matter, Mr. *Meanwell.*

Marpl. Upon my Soul, Sir *George*——

[*Going up to Sir* George.

Sir

Sir *Jeal.* Nay, then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone: Thieves, Traytors, Rogues! [*Offers to go in.*] Stop the Marriage, I say——

Sir *Geo.* I say go on, Mr. *Tackum*——Nay, no entring here, I guard this Paſſage, old Gentleman; the Act and Deed were both your own, and I'll ſee 'em ſign'd, or die for't.

Enter Servant.

Sir *Jeal.* A Pox on the Act and Deed!——Fall on, knock him down.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, come on, Scoundrels! I'll prick your Jackets for you.

Sir *Jeal.* Zounds, Sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you. [*Beats* Marplot.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, there your Vengeance is due; Ha, ha.

Marpl. Why, what do you beat me for? I han't marry'd your Daughter.

Sir *Jeal.* Raſcals! why don't you knock him down?

Serv. We are afraid of his Sword, Sir; if you'll take that from him, we'll knock him down preſently.

Enter Charles *and* Iſabinda.

Sir *Jeal.* Seize her then.

Cha. Raſcals, retire; ſhe's my Wife, touch her if you dare, I'll make Dogs-meat of you.

Sir *Jeal.* Ah! downright *Engliſh*:—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda, Patch, Scentwell, *and* Whiſper.

Sir *Fran.* Into the Houſe of Joy we enter without knocking: Ha! I think 'tis the Houſe of Sorrow, Sir *Jealous.*

Sir *Jeal.* Oh Sir *Francis!* are you come? What was this your Contrivance, to abuſe, trick, and chouſe me of my Child!

Sir *Fran.* My Contrivance! what do you mean?

Sir *Jeal.* No, you don't know your Son there in *Spaniſh* Habit?

Sir *Fran.* How! my Son in *Spaniſh* Habit. Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd; get out of my ſight, ye Dog! get out of my ſight.

Sir *Jeal.* Get out of your ſight, Sir! Get out with your Bags; let's ſee what you'll give him now to maintain my Daughter on.

Sir *Fran.* Give him! he ſhall be never the better for a Penny of mine——and you might have look'd after your Daughter better, Sir *Jealous.* Trick'd, quotha! Egad, I think you deſign'd to trick me: But look ye, Gentlemen, I believe I ſhall trick you both. This Lady is my Wife, do you ſee? And my Eſtate ſhall deſcend only to the Heirs of her Body.

Sir *Geo.* Lawfully begotten by me——I ſhall be extremely obliged to you, Sir *Francis.*

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *George!* You ſee your Project was of no uſe. Does not your hundred Pound ſtick in your Stomach? Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* No faith, Sir *Francis,* this Lady has given me a Cordial for that. [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, you have nothing to ſay to this Lady.

Sir *Geo.* Nor you nothing to do with my Wife, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Wife, Sir!

Miran. Ay really, *Guardian,* 'tis even ſo. I hope you'll forgive my firſt Offence.

Sir *Fran.* What have you chous'd me out of my Conſent, and your Writings then, Miſtreſs, ha?

Miran. Out of nothing but my own, Guardian.

Sir *Jeal.* Ha, ha, ha, 'tis ſome Comfort at leaſt to ſee you are over-reach'd as well as myſelf. Will you ſettle your Eſtate upon your Son now?

Sir *Fran.* He ſhall ſtarve firſt.

Miran. That I have taken care to prevent. There, Sir, is the Writings of your Uncle's Eſtate, which has been your due theſe three Years. [*Gives* Charles *Papers.*

Cha. I ſhall ſtudy to deſerve this Favour!

Sir *Fran.* What have you robb'd me too, Miſtreſs? Egad I'll make you reſtore 'em——Huſwife, I will ſo.

Sir

Sir *Jeal.* Take care I don't make you pay the Arrears, Sir. 'Tis well it's no worse, since 'tis no better. Come, young Man, seeing thou hast outwitted me, take her, and bless you both.

Cha. I hope, Sir, you'll bestow your Blessing too, 'tis all I'll ask. [*Kneels.*

Sir *Fran.* Confound you all! [*Exit.*

Marpl. Mercy upon us, how he looks!

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha, ne'er mind his Curses, *Charles*; thou'lt thrive not one Jot the worse for 'em. Since this Gentleman is reconcil'd, we are all made happy.

Sir *Jeal.* I always lov'd Precaution, and took care to avoid Dangers. But when a thing was past, I ever had Philosophy to be easy.

Cha. Which is the true sign of a great Soul; I lov'd your Daughter, and she me, and you shall have no reason to repent her Choice.

Isab. You will not blame me, Sir, for loving my own Country best.

Marpl. So here's every body happy, I find, but poor *Pilgarlick*. I wonder what Satisfaction I shall have, for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your Service.

Sir *Jeal.* I have been a little too familiar with you as things are fallen out; but since there's no help for't, you must forgive me.

Marpl. Egad, I think so——But provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

Sir *Geo.* Thou hast been an unlucky Rogue.

Marpl. But very honest.

Cha. That I'll vouch for; and freely forgive thee.

Sir *Geo.* And I'll do you one piece of Service more, *Marplot*, I'll take care that Sir *Francis* make you Master of your Estate.

Marpl. That will make me as happy as any of you.

Patch. Your humble Servant begs leave to remind you, Madam.

Isab. Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take *Patch* into favour again.

Sir *Jeal.* Nay, let your Husband look to that, I have done with my Care.

C

Cha. Her own Liberty shall always oblige me. Here's no body but honest *Whisper* and Mrs. *Scentwell* to be provided for now. It shall be left to their Choice to marry, or keep their Services.

Whisp. Nay then, I'll stick to my Master.

Scentw. Coxcomb! and I prefer my Lady before a Footman.

Sir *Jeal.* Hark, I hear Musick, the Fiddlers smell a Wedding. What say you, young Fellows, will you have a Dance?

Sir *Geo.* With all my Heart; call 'em in.

A DANCE.

Sir *Jeal.* Now let us in and refresh ourselves with a chearful Glass, in which we'll bury all Animosities: And

By my Example let all Parents move,
And never strive to cross their Children's Love;
But still submit that Care to Providence above.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

IN me you see one Busie Body more;
Tho' you may have enough of one before.
With Epilogues, the Busy Body's Way,
We strive to help, but sometimes mar a Play.
At this mad Sessions, half condemn'd e'er try'd,
Some, in three Days, have been turn'd off, and dy'd.
In spite of Parties their Attempts are vain,
For, like false Prophets, they ne'er rise again.
Too late, when cast, your Favour one beseeches,
And Epilogues prove Execution-Speeches.
Yet sure I spy no Busie Bodies here,
And one may pass, since they do ev'ry where.
Sour Criticks Time, and Breath and Censures waste,
And baulk your Pleasures to refine your Taste.
One busie Don ill-tim'd high Tenets preaches,
Another yearly shows himself in Speeches.
Some snip'ling Cits would have a Peace for spight,
To starve those Warriors who so bravely fight;
Still of a Foe upon his Knees afraid,
Whose well-bang'd Troops want Money, Heart and Bre
Old Beaux, who none, not ev'n themselves can please,
Are busie still, for nothing——but to teaze.
The Young, so busie to engage a Heart,
The Mischief done, are busie most to part.
Ungrateful Wretches, who still cross one's Will,
When they more kindly [illegible] still?
One to a Husband, [illegible] Horns,
Shows how dear Sir[illegible] his Brows adorns;
Th' officious Tell-tale [illegible] repent it)
Parts three kind Souls that liv'd as Peace contented.
Some with Law-Quirks set Houses by the ears,
With Physick one what he would heal impairs;
Like that dark mob'd-up Fry, that Neighb'ring Curse,
Who to remove Love's Pains bestow a worse.
Since then this meddling Tribe infest the Age,
Bear one a while expos'd upon the Stage:
Let none but Busie Bodies vent their Spight,
And with Good-humour, Pleasure crown the Night.

FINIS.